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THREE WEEKS' NOTICE AND THE OLD ADDRESS AS WELL AS THE NEW ARE REQUIRED FOR CHANGE OF SUBSCRIBER'S ADDRESS.

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NEARLY A MONTH has passed since Congress reconvened, and very little progress has been made on the pending neutrality legislation. Changes in the Administration bill have all served to weaken an already unsatisfactory measure. The House committee voted reservations excepting all American republics in conflict with a European or Asiatic foe and providing that no embargo could be imposed in violation of existing commercial treaties. In the case of Italy, this would prevent an embargo on oil for at least a year. In addition to reaffirming America's insistence on the freedom of the seas, commented on last week, the Senate committee has eliminated the clause empowering the President to embargo shipments of raw materials if refraining from such action "would contribute to the prolongation or expansion of the war." While the latter change is of little practical importance, since the President would still have the right to declare an embargo "to promote the security and preserve the neutrality of the United States," it is illustrative of the strength of isolationist sentiment in Congress. Stirred by the Nye committee revelations of the manner in which commercial and financial interests drew us into the last war under the guise of idealistic purposes, certain influential groups in the country not only oppose active cooperation with the League but are distrustful of any collective effort in the interest of peace. Despite the strength of this feeling, there is a growing disposition among peace groups to challenge the assumption that the United States can remain out of a world war once it has developed. The experiences of the past six years should be enough to show that we cannot ignore our responsibility as a member of the community of nations without paying a heavy price.

THE LATEST Administration plan for farm relief seems to be to use the amended Soil Conservation Act as a stop-gap until 1938, when it is hoped a program of state aid will be ready. There are still some uneasy doubts about constitutionality in the minds of most of the amateur as well as the professional constitutional lawyers in Washington. But it is hoped that payment to farmers for withdrawing land from production for the purposes of soil conservation will be held by the court to contain less of coercion than payment to the same farmers for withdrawing their land for the purposes of crop restriction. This time the government cannot make use of processing taxes to provide the necessary financial support. Presumably funds for the SCA will come from a Treasury appropriation, but the problem of first getting the funds into the Treasury has not yet been solved, nor has any information been given by the Administration of how it will be solved. When the new state-aid plan comes into operation in 1938, the states will presumably have enacted legislation providing for state agencies which will take over from the federal government the direction of the farm program. The federal government, according to preliminary reports, still reserves to itself, however, the authority to designate what agency in each state shall administer the act. Should such an agency fail to conform with federal ideas on land retirement and crop conversion, the government might easily choose another agency. A measure of centralized control is thus retained in Washington. Whether this fact promises a very hopeful future for the forty-eight state plans depends on the fate of the social-security law. For the proposed state-aid farm plan is built on the same lines as the social-security plan now in operation. Both will stand or fall together when the Supreme Court sits in judgment over them.

THE SCOTTSBORO DRAMA, lurid enough already, has developed a new surprise. The seventy-five-year sentence imposed on Heywood Patterson and the postponement of the trial of Clarence Norris because of the inability of the defense and prosecution to agree on the admission of testimony were only preludes to the big scene. As the Negroes were being returned to jail at Birmingham, Ozie Powell was shot in the head by Sheriff J. Street Sandlin after Powell had cut the throat of Deputy Edgar Blalock with a penknife. The deputy, with twelve stitches in his neck, is expected to make a good recovery; Powell, more seriously wounded, is in the hospital at Jefferson County jail. Several versions of the two attacks have been offered, the first being an official story that the knifing was part of

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an attempt to escape. The comment of Defense Attorney Leibowitz is worth quoting.

> Does the sheriff of Morgan County claim that three Negroes shackled together in the rear seat of a rapidly moving automobile, with only two doors leading to the front compartment, with two men in that automobile armed to the teeth, this car preceded . . . by an automobile carrying two other armed officers . . . and followed by still another car with armed guards and with state highway patrolmen as an escort, did attempt to escape by using a penknife?

Clarence Norris was in the middle of the handcuffed trio, with Powell on one side and Roy Wright, the youngest of the defendants, on the other. Wright's story is that the officers promised the Negroes "a light sentence, not more than ten years," if they would get rid of their Northern lawyers. This proposal the Negroes refused. Powell said, "Damn, what they're talking about?" For this impudence Deputy Blalock slapped his face, and Powell reached over with a knife in his free hand and cut the deputy's neck. When the car was brought to a stop, Sheriff Sandlin got out and, while the Negroes held their hands above their heads, fired into the back seat, striking Powell on the forehead.

WHAT ALL THIS will lead to is not hard to predict. The only crime in the South which compares to the rape of a white woman by a Negro is an attack by the same Negro on the majesty of the law. The state suggests that Powell, and possibly Norris and Wright, are to be indicted for assault with intent to murder. If this happens it may result in very neatly disposing of three of the troublesome nine. The refusal of the Patterson jury to find for the death sentence, together with the postponement of the Norris trial, hinted at a break in the Alabama united front against the Negroes. Now every resource which the defense can command will be necessary to prevent the implication of Norris and Wright in the attack on Blalock, and to insist that all eight of the remaining defendants be tried solely on the original charge and not for some fantastically invented plot.

IT TOOK the House of Representatives forty-five minutes to whoop the bonus through over the President's veto. It is possible that Mr. Roosevelt returned the bill without his disapproval on Friday, January 24, because he wished an opportunity over the week-end for pressure to be brought on recalcitrant party members. If this was so, it was without avail, for on Monday the Senate by a vote of seventy-six to nineteen, overrode the veto also. The bonus bill, therefore, becomes a law. There were publicists in 1917 who opposed a conscription law because it would, among other things, provide men in greater numbers than would voluntary enlistments to demand the traditional post-war rewards and force their demands through the Congress. They may now call themselves good prophets. Eventually, of course, the taxpayers will foot the bonus bill. Those veterans who cash their adjusted-service certificates before maturity will by direct and indirect taxation pay at least part of their government check back into the coffers of the national treasury. Taxpayers who are not veterans will pay without the initial stipend to console them. If this sounds like Alice in Wonderland, it is merely another course in the Mad Tea Party at which the veterans' lobby has been host for some years.

THE SARRAUT CABINET in France is not expected to make any drastic changes in policy, except possibly in foreign affairs. Although few of the ministers of the old government were carried over, the new Cabinet represents a coalition of virtually the same parliamentary forces—the Radical Socialists and the center parties. While the left parties comprising the "Popular Front" could have easily obtained a majority in the Chamber, they have deliberately refused to assume power prior to the elections which are now expected to occur in March. Meanwhile the appointment of Marcel Regnier as Minister of Finance assures at least a temporary continuation of the previous conservative fiscal and monetary policies. Devaluation of the franc, while inevitable, will not be undertaken by this Cabinet. Similarly, the selection of Pierre-Etienne Flandin as Foreign Minister is a guaranty that foreign affairs will be conducted in a conservative manner, though Flandin will doubtless be somewhat more friendly to Britain than was Laval. As a result, the recent French promise of military and naval assistance to Great Britain—made in conjunction with similar pledges by Greece, Turkey, and Yugoslavia—will probably be taken literally in case of an Italian attack. While this commitment is implicit in Article XVI of the Covenant, its restatement at this time indicates some genuine vitality in the League.

DESPITE THE CELEBRATION of the Chinese New Year, usually marked by a complete cessation of all activities, commercial, political, and military, Chinese students are once more up in arms in protest against Japanese encroachment in North China. The fact that the latest riots occurred in the International Settlement at Shanghai, where brutal suppression by the police was certain to follow, indicates the depth of student feeling against Japan. That the students have been successful in delaying if not actually preventing Japanese annexation of North China is evident from the wails of dissatisfaction which have been going up in Japanese quarters. Sung Cheh-yuan, who was chosen chairman of the North China Political Council for his supposed subservience to Japan, has apparently responded to student pressure sufficiently to become *persona non grata* with Tokyo. While Nanking has officially given no intimation of abandoning its policy of collaboration with Japan, the return of Hu Nan-min, former leader of the Cantonese faction, makes this position even more difficult to maintain against public pressure. Events in China usually move slowly, but a final showdown can scarcely be delayed more than a few weeks.

AT ITS RECENT MEETING the executive council of the A. F. of L. lived down to its reputation with singular zest. The council agreed to back the thirty-hour bill. It almost decided to advocate an amendment to the Constitution designed to prevent invalidation of labor laws, but at this writing even that question has been put off. On the issue of industrial unionism the council was at least positive in its negative position. To the demand of the radio workers for an industrial form of organization, the council said no—and handed over this vigorous young union, with dues, to the International Brotherhood of Electrical Workers. (The radio union has not yet consented to be turned over.) The National Union of Automobile Workers was granted autonomy but was instructed to refrain from taking in craft

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workers. The union had written an industrial-union clause into its constitution. But the council reserved its loudest "no" for John L. Lewis and his committee for industrial organization, denouncing it as "a challenge to the supremacy" of the A. F. of L. and demanding its dissolution. John L. Lewis remains unimpressed with the threats of the craft unionists, although he obviously would prefer to see industrial organization carried on inside the framework of the A. F. of L. The convention of Mr. Lewis's United Mine Workers, now in session, may be expected to provide an eloquent answer to Green and his snug bureaucracy.

MAGISTRATE CHARLES R. SOLOMON'S recent opinion in the May's Department Store picketing case has an importance far beyond New York City and the particular strike involved. Thirty-six members of the Artists' Union were arrested for picketing May's Department Store in Brooklyn in support of a strike conducted by Local 1250 of the Department Store Employees' Union. Magistrate Solomon's decision points the way to a sensible handling of picketing cases everywhere. The higher courts have ruled that picketing *per se* is not illegal, that a picket has the right to tell pedestrians and prospective customers of the facts involved in the dispute, and that the failure of a picket to move on when ordered to do so by the police is not necessarily disorderly conduct. But the absence of a clear decision on mass picketing has left room for arbitrary action on the part of police. Magistrate Solomon's decision is unequivocal.

> There is no law [he says] that so-called mass-picketing is unlawful. . . . One picket may behave in an unlawful manner, fifty pickets may behave in a lawful manner. The mere fact that there were fifty pickets does not mean the picketing is unlawful. . . . Even if a crowd did collect to observe . . . that would not make the mass-picketing lawless.

SEVERAL VIGOROUS United States district attorneys and their assistants, as well as the jury that returned a verdict of guilty, are to be congratulated on the successful outcome of the Morro Castle prosecution. Two officers of the vessel—advertised as "the safest ship afloat"—and, what is infinitely more important, an executive of the operating company have been convicted of criminal negligence. This is the first time in America that a company official has been so convicted, and the decision is particularly valuable in establishing a precedent whereby steamship-company executives can be held directly responsible for their part in a maritime disaster. Government counsel were confronted with an immensely difficult task in proving actual negligence, as distinguished from incompetence or error of judgment, on the part of the officers, as well as contributory negligence on the part of the line official. Blame was fixed on Mr. Cabaud, the company's vice-president, after long and persistent questioning of line officials, in the course of which it was revealed that Cabaud was the executive responsible for the operation of the line's ships. Furthermore, he admitted having made four trips on the Morro Castle, during all of which the crew's fire drills had been of the same fragmentary nature as the drill on the ship's last tragic voyage. Cabaud could thus be charged with foreknowledge of the criminal neglect which led to the disaster. Unfortunately Judge Hulbert saw fit to sentence the two ship's officers to jail terms, while he let Cabaud off with a fine. Perhaps the Judge's distinction between "officers on land and officers on the vessel" was actually a distinction between employees and privileged executives.

NEW SCHEMES to rescue and repatriate German Jews are being advanced by the Nazis almost weekly. One scheme would have permitted Jews to exchange their fortunes for German goods. The latest plan would allow wealthy German Jews to dispose of their properties at 65 per cent of their value, the proceeds to be paid to them through the agency of foreign trustees in instalments, with 4 per cent accrued interest, over a period of thirteen years, no payment to be made until three years after they had left Germany. Meanwhile Sir Herbert Samuel, Viscount Bearsted, head of the Shell Oil interests, and Simon Marks, British chain-store owner, are meeting with American Jewish philanthropists in St. Louis to discuss less ingenious plans for repatriation. It is proposed that from $5,000,000 to $10,000,000 be raised the first year, in addition to sums already sought, to finance the emigration of the younger generation of German Jews and as many of the older generation as funds can be found for. This plan carries with it no stoppage of the boycott against German goods and no payment to the Reich for the release of German Jews. It is obvious that any large-scale repatriation would require enormous sums of money. Even if this were forthcoming, and it is not impossible, one may still ask where the exiles would go. Every country except Russia has its own problem of an unemployed population. Biro-Bidjan, the autonomous Jewish region in the Soviet East, needs relatively little financing for farm settlement, but to the deeply middle-class minds of the German Jews it looks stark and uninviting. It is hardly credible that Palestine could absorb upwards of another quarter of a million immigrants within a short period of time.

IN A WORLD in which kings are dying, millions are without enough to eat, and the temperature is waltzing around the zero mark, the news of greatest moment to the man in the street is the prospect of getting teeth filled without pain. The torture of the dentists' drill has been one of those things that had to be joked about in order to be borne at all. Strong men have quailed before it. In answer to the prayers of millions, therefore, comes the discovery, announced by Dr. LeRoy L. Hartman of Columbia University, of a formula which, if applied to the dentin of the tooth, will render it insensible to pain for from twenty minutes to half an hour, or presumably while the cavity is being prepared for a filling. Dr. Hartman followed the best tradition of medical and dental research in making the formula available to anyone without charge. Columbia University has taken out a patent, but will permit an unrestricted sale. Members of the New York dental societies, to whom the formula was presented on January 21, describe it as a medical discovery comparable in importance to the discovery of the anaesthetic property of nitrous oxide in 1844 by Dr. Horace Wells, and the first successful use of sulphuric ether as an anaesthetic by Dr. W. T. G. Morton in 1846. Since Dr. Wells and Dr. Morton were also dentists, our debt to dentistry is plain. Only one thing remains for the dentists to do: Let them get a new set of magazines in their waiting-rooms and they will be acclaimed the heroes of mankind.

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Al Smith's Ghost

THE Al Smith all of us knew died in 1928. It was his ghost that stood up last Saturday night at the Liberty League dinner in Washington and sought to revive the accents, the mannerisms, the authentic fire of a dead man. Twenty-five hundred boiled shirts in the country's highest income brackets cheered wildly at every thrust of Al's. Twelve du Ponts did him homage. It was not the audience of old, nor was the speaker the same. The shell was there—direct, ungrammatical, vigorous, plebeian. But the inside of the shell, where ideas and sincerity should have been, seemed to have rotted away. The vigor of the common man was in the voice and gestures. But the interests of the common man had no place among those resplendent diners at the Mayflower Hotel.

Now that Mr. Smith has finally had his say, the atmosphere is clearer. We have known for some time that the Republicans would set in motion a vicious anti-red campaign and hope thereby to sideswipe Roosevelt. We have known that Moscow and the red flag and the Internationale would be dragged in to divert attention from the pressing issues of unemployment and farm control and the judicial blocking of legislation. What we had not known was that the high point in this red-baiting and flag-waving would be a speech by Al Smith, and that he would warm up the intellectual chef-d'oeuvres of a Republican ward leader and in his phrasing make a bid for the dignity of a Hearst editorial writer.

What did the speech actually add to the discussion of issues? It fell roughly into three parts. The part relating to the betrayal of the Democratic platform was essentially a distortion. A platform is at best a loose and vague affair. The task of Mr. Roosevelt was not to give it an undying allegiance but to make it adequate for the severest economic crisis in our history. What he should be criticized for is that he failed to push this process to anything like its outermost practicable limits.

The second part accused Mr. Roosevelt of surrounding himself with a vast bureaucracy, making himself an autocrat, and seeking to govern unconstitutionally. Here the temper of the speech shifted from the gubernatorial stump to the copy-book English and Irish orators who never arose except to save the liberties of their countries. But the autocracy that Mr. Smith kept talking of is almost wholly to be found in the armed deputies and company unions and labor spies of the industrialists who applauded him at the Mayflower. The worst bureaucracies in America are in the giant corporations. The greater danger to the Constitution comes not from Mr. Roosevelt's attempts to find some path toward an adequate federal power but from a Supreme Court which blocks that path, and from the deliberate and continued sabotaging of legislation by the lawyers of the public-utility holding companies. What we have suffered from in Washington is not bureaucracy (every government today must govern through one) but administrative incompetence, not a planned tyranny but a blundering planlessness.

Finally, Mr. Smith became a theorist of the class war. He attacked Mr. Roosevelt for arraying class against class, insisted that the gateway of opportunity for the poor led through the prosperity of the rich, and ended in a hysterical appeal to the future to choose between America's free atmosphere and the "foul breath of communistic Russia," between the Stars and Stripes and "the flag of the godless Union of the Soviets." If Mr. Smith's implication is that one or the other must be destroyed, we can find in it only ignorance or despair or a vicious provocation to violence and war.

Two questions will be asked: What is the meaning of Mr. Smith's speech? What effect will it have on the election?

The thing that stands out most clearly is the tragic case of the disintegration of Al Smith. There was a time when it seemed that the American experience had again fashioned a great statesman out of a man of the people. What has happened since then is the story of a seemingly invincible warrior who could not survive the bitterness of defeat and the blandishment of the vested interests. It is more than a personal tragedy. It is the tragedy of a whole class whose potential leaders, left rootless by inadequate organization, have to surrender finally to the possessing groups. In another culture Al Smith might have become a working-class leader instead of a Tammany brave and finally the spearhead of reaction.

For the speech reveals and strengthens the tie-up between the vested interests in both parties. It reveals that big ownership is determined to extirpate every trace of liberalism on the American landscape. Whether he knows it or not, Mr. Smith speaks for a fascist reaction. There have long been signs that if America is to get fascism, it will be its own Bourbon brand, and it is likely to come not so much from a new party or a new movement as from within the existing parties.

The effect of the speech on the political fortunes of Mr. Roosevelt, despite all the ballyhoo, is not likely to be catastrophic. If we ask whom Mr. Smith is speaking for that the Liberty League is not already adequate to speak for, the answer finally limits itself to certain middle- and working-class groups in the urban and metropolitan Eastern centers. But these groups will be more influenced by adverse court decisions on the labor and security laws than by all the allusions to the sanctity of the Supreme Court and the foul breath of Moscow. The most direct and least calculable influence of the speech will undoubtedly be upon the Catholic vote. Mr. Smith has tied up the reform attempts of Mr. Roosevelt with the stigma of communism, and communism with godlessness. The natural conclusion is that if Mr. Roosevelt is reelected we are likely to have in this country a repetition of the Mexican anti-Catholic measures. To have said so outright would have been a boomerang; to imply it by the sequence of logic is considered smart politics. It would be no casual hazard that among the people who applauded Mr. Smith were many of those who once boycotted him for the Presidency on the narrowest grounds of religious intolerance and social snobbery. They are the same people who, if he were running now for the Presidency on a liberal platform, would—using the technique of his own Moscow allusions—charge him with aiming to hand the country over to the Vatican.

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Newspapers, Dare to Be Free!

THREE years ago on January 30 the smothering hand of Adolf Hitler closed down over the German republic. The most powerful supporters of that republic had failed to save their precious rights and liberties, partly because they could not believe that a fanatic could attain absolute power over the enlightened democracy that was Germany, but mainly because fear and cowardice paralyzed the very elements to which democracy is life itself—the great middle-class independent press and the trade-union and left groups. In particular the press had flourished for so long a period in its own conception of freedom that it felt itself immune from interference. Yet it was "coordinated" only less quickly than the working-class press.

In our own country the violation of democratic rights is increasing year by year. Whether it is a new fascism or an old reaction is an important question but one that may be left to a later discussion. On this anniversary we could wish that every American might examine the state of democracy in his own bailiwick against the fact of Hitler's triumph and consider how civil liberties may be preserved.

An article by Franz Höllering elsewhere in this issue brings up sharply the role of the press in defending those liberties. In this country we also have a press which prides itself on being free. We know of course that our press is not free in any absolute sense. It is, ultimately, subject to the control of the same economic forces which dominate the country's resources and government. From day to day the press indicates its economic allegiance; and when it does pay tribute to the ideal of a free press, such a display is possible because it can have no adverse effect on fundamental economic ties. Yet it would be a great mistake, in fact and in strategy, to assume that the press *is* big business and dismiss it as a potential force for preserving democracy. For the tradition of a free press as one part of our democratic tradition has attained a life of its own. The democratic idea, fed by early American individualism, regionalism, and all the freshets of our frontier past, has cut a deep and wide channel through the American conscience. The pride of the New York *Times,* for example, in printing all the news, however short it may fall of achieving that ideal, is a real pride and not merely a façade to hide a conscious distortion of news. The phrase "All the News That's Fit to Print," which has its counterpart in the "I'll print what I damn please" of the small-time independent editor, is the expression of a sense of responsibility toward the idea of a free press.

In these days it is difficult to overestimate the weight of that responsibility or the importance of holding the editor to the principles he professes. To say that the *Times*—using it as a symbol of the democratic press—could save democracy is to belittle the strength of the reaction that threatens it. But it is undeniable that a press determined and organized to uphold the tradition of democracy commands a key position. Only by fighting for that tradition tooth and nail can it save itself. It may, to be sure, continue to exist as a piece of printed matter, but a "coordinated" newspaper is no longer a newspaper.

In recent days the *Times* has turned its powerful searchlight upon a courtroom in Alabama. Mr. Daniell, in his daily dispatches, brought out with extraordinary force the race hatred with which the trial was conducted. Such publicity as this must have an effect on the final outcome of the case. Suppose that the same searchlight could be played on the docks and fields of California. Is it not at least possible that the press, backed by the genuine love of liberty which actuates the majority of Americans, could stem the growth of what is so far our most vigorous crop of reaction?

The cynical answer, the easy dogmatic answer, is that since the press is ultimately controlled by the very forces which are seeking to repress liberty in California, it will not be persuaded to defend dockworkers and farm hands. But the lesson of the German experience is that if the great press does not defend the simple liberties of small men it must eventually lose its own liberty to print even the news it considers "fit." Franz Höllering, formerly an editor for the Ullstein press in Germany, shows all too vividly how that powerful organization by shirking its responsibilities in small ways helped to clear the path for a reaction which finally engulfed the proud freedom of the Ullstein papers as surely as it wiped out the radical press with which the House of Ullstein had before then had nothing in common. At the moment in New York City the *Daily Worker,* a Communist organ, is in danger of being suppressed. It is not fantastic to say that in so far as the New York *Times* fails to defend the *Daily Worker*—and to date it has failed—it prepares the way for its own ultimate suppression.

Houses for Whom?

REPORTS from Washington indicate an imminent showdown on the much-discussed but little-acted-upon question of housing. In opposing a suggestion that the Federal Housing Administration take the lead in forming a national mortgage association to provide low-cost housing, financed chiefly by private funds, Secretary Ickes has come out vigorously for a slum-clearance program supported by direct government subsidy. The fact that the two housing groups within the government have been at odds over fundamental policy has been largely responsible for the virtual collapse of the Administration's building program. Despite nearly three years of ballyhoo, only 1,106 persons were employed on PWA housing projects by December 28.

Failure of the Administration to launch a large-scale housing program with government funds has given the bankers an opportunity to stage a counter-offensive. The point of view of those who oppose government-financed housing has recently been summarized in a memorandum submitted to the President by the Committee for Economic Recovery which estimates that there will be an "effective demand" for 750,000 homes annually for the next ten years. The committee points out accurately that the majority of these houses should not cost more than $4,000, and it believes that a very large proportion should be of the "cottage type," a type of dwelling which they refer to as "the major protection of democracy." And it insists that private enterprise should be responsible for providing homes for all

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families having an income in excess of $1,000, leaving not more than 15 per cent of the total for the government. To facilitate construction and reduce costs, it suggests that interest charges be reduced to 4½ per cent.

A few figures will reveal the lack of realism of those who believe, despite years of experience to the contrary, that private enterprise can somehow meet the housing needs of the American people. The Real Property Inventory in 1933 showed that two-thirds of the tenant families in American cities of over 100,000 could not afford to pay more than $6.25 a room per month, while for millions of families the rent cannot be more than $5 a room. Private initiative has not provided new dwellings which meet the minimum standards of health and decency for less than $12 a room. Even in so-called limited-dividend corporations the lowest rents in new buildings are about $11. Careful computation of the costs of construction and maintenance indicates that suitable housing cannot be built to rent at $6 a room unless interest rates can be reduced to approximately 0.9 per cent. Since market rates for money are substantially higher, this is equivalent to saying that adequate housing cannot be provided by private enterprise unless all profit is foregone. To leave the construction of homes for our population to private business is, under present conditions, to consign more than half our urban population to dwellings that are seriously lacking in sanitation, safety, and comfort.

Talk of meeting the housing problems of present-day slum dwellers by cottages on the outskirts of the city tends to ignore psychological factors. Quite apart from the fact that transportation costs would eat up any savings obtained from lower land value, the average urban worker will not go so far from his place of employment and recreation. A recent investigation into the preferences of several hundred families living on Henry Street and East Broadway on New York's lower East Side revealed the fact that 56 per cent of the families would not leave the neighborhood to go to garden apartments in outlying sections of the city even if transportation and rents were within their means.

There are two practicable means of financing the construction of houses for the vast majority of city dwellers. The first is for the whole amount to be advanced by the government at 0.9 per cent interest, which is in effect a subsidy, since the government must pay a higher rate of interest to obtain the money. The second is by the use of private financing at approximately 3 per cent, supplemented by government grants to bring down the average cost of money. If the latter course is adopted, as in the Queensbridge project of the New York Housing Authority, approximately half the working capital would have to be advanced as an outright grant. There is little to choose between these alternatives either with respect to ultimate cost to the government or their effect on the capital market, although the direct outlay has the advantage of simplicity. To those who object to the government giving "charity" to two-thirds of the population, it might be pointed out that at present it subsidizes such everyday necessities as schools, highways, bridges, and police protection. Is it any more incongruous that it should aid in the provision of adequate and healthful housing facilities when private enterprise has so abysmally failed? There are few other steps that would contribute more to the revival and stabilization of American economic life during the next ten years.

The Education of the Odd Man

FRANCE'S political vocabulary includes the phrase *la cuisine de la Chambre*. It means the gossip and rumors that circulate in the corridors of the Chamber of Deputies and the informed guesses of men who have observed the deputies at work. Since its opinion on the Agricultural Adjustment Act the *cuisine* of the Supreme Court of the United States has been hospitable to the belief that one justice was responsible for the decision's being adverse by six to three, instead of being favorable by a five-to-four majority. This arithmetical, but not judicial, paradox is because of Justice Roberts. Had he agreed with Justices Stone, Brandeis, and Cardozo in wanting to uphold the statute, the Chief Justice would have joined them. Since Justice Roberts allied himself with the four conservative judges, the Chief Justice joined that majority in order to avoid a five-to-four decision declaring the measure unconstitutional. Hence the problem is that of educating the odd man, or, if the *cuisine* be wrong, the odd men.

The time that the court allows for such education is severely limited. The *cuisine* of the Supreme Court intimates that only one or two of the justices make a practice of examining the records and reading the briefs before the cases come on for oral argument. There were less than six hours of argument on the Agricultural Adjustment Act and the Bankhead (cotton) act. Congressional consideration was much more careful. The hearings before the Congressional committees, the reports of the committees, debates on the floor, the deliberations of the Conference Committee, and the running fire of comment from the press and interested parties permitted members of Congress, inefficient though its procedure may be, to secure a far more comprehensive knowledge of what they were doing than the proceedings before the Supreme Court permitted the nine judges. Is it to be wondered at that in the Schechter case Chief Justice Hughes excluded from consideration "the economic advantages or disadvantages" flowing from the law that he declared invalid? In effect, he admitted that he was deciding the economic question without considering it; but the briefs and the oral argument had failed to give him the data on which intelligent consideration could be based.

A century ago, when statutes were much simpler, Supreme Court judges did not venture important opinions without seeking real light and learning. McCulloch *vs.* Maryland, for example, which is appealed to by both Justice Roberts and Justice Stone, was argued for nine days by six of the greatest lawyers then living. Justice Roberts's reasoning might have been better if he had had to listen at some length while "cobwebs of sophistry and metaphysics about states' rights and state sovereignty" were "brushed away with a mighty besom," as Story said they had been by Pinkney in the argument in McCulloch *vs.* Maryland.

Actually the problem of educating the judges reaches into their backgrounds and their careers and their social roots. The problem is one of the education of the odd men only if it be thought that the three liberal judges need no education and that the four diehards would be impervious to it.

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Issues and Men

The Columnist in Journalism

FRANK H. SIMONDS, whose untimely death has just occurred in Washington, was outstanding in the group of journalists who have made their names widely known not because of their connection with any one newspaper but because their signed opinions and interpretations were widely syndicated throughout the country. Mr. Simonds was an excellent Albany correspondent for the New York *Evening Post* during my management of that daily, and then an able editorial writer on the *Sun* and the editor of the *Evening Sun*. But not until the World War did his opportunity come for acquiring a national reputation. Then he suddenly stood forth as a military critic. None of us who had been closely associated with him had been aware that his mind was stacked with information on many campaigns; that study of the great military leaders of history was one of his hobbies. Very soon he became the leading American commentator on Europe's catastrophe, an authoritative interpreter of the course of events.

Not without making errors, of course. No one could seek to interpret the events of a conflict which speedily became an unprecedented war of position without going astray at times, as Mr. Simonds did by accepting, for example, the reports that great Russian forces were being transferred to the French front by way of Archangel and Scotland. It would be the height of unkindness after all these years to subject to critical analysis the writings of any of us who sought to deal with that overwhelming Armageddon. That Frank Simonds was tremendously pro-Ally from the start, too much so to be wholly detached, was true. It was true also that he succumbed somewhat to the temptation to be pontifical where there were few, if any, to challenge the correctness of either his past or his passing history. But he wrote with freshness and unusual clarity, with earnestness and sincerity, and therefore did much to educate the American public on some of the phases of the military conflict. After that struggle was ended, his interpretations of current European affairs became more and more valuable. I often did not agree with them, for mine was a different point of view and I was not quite so hopeless, or so fearful of another great struggle, as he. But the longer I knew him the more I came to like and respect and admire him. He was the best of polemical antagonists, courteous, friendly, and frank; so that it was a joy to differ with him.

Mr. Simonds's career emphasizes anew what seems to me the gross error of what may be called the Ochs school of journalism, which would hide the personality of owners or editors behind the newspaper itself. Mr. Ochs lived up to his own doctrines and refused to let himself be advertised by his own newspapers. He never permitted the personality of the successive editors-in-chief of the New York *Times* to stand out. Yet there never has been a period in our journalism when the public has craved more to know who are the authors of what they read. The *Times* itself had to yield at last to the demand that telegraph correspondents and reporters receive the coveted "by-line." Its pages are now covered with articles headed by the name of the writer. One of the greatest foreign correspondents of the day, Walter Duranty, has made his reputation because the *Times* informed the public who wrote those wise and illuminating dispatches from Moscow.

Even in the field of sports it is the reporter with an individuality who is sought. No business office or managing editor or owner ventures to edit the "stuff" of a man who, like Grantland Rice, draws $232,000 a year. The columnist who draws $1,000 a week is also a man to be reckoned with; he can write his own terms. He earns them not merely because of his knowledge of music, the drama, prize fights, or all sorts and conditions of men and women, or because of his humor, but because his personality shines through his work so that the public knows him or thinks that it knows him. He cannot be at his best every week or every day, but he fits a section of the public like an old shoe; and if he is Walter Lippmann he has his day in drawing a huge income and being the pet of the first and second vice-presidents of all the railroads and great banks and the favorite of the People Who Count in This World.

All of which to my mind is wholly to the good. Let them be fatuously optimistic or increasingly cynical, like Frank Simonds, but let them be themselves and let the public know just who they are. Indeed, when editorial pages the country over are becoming more and more commercialized, more and more owner-dominated, and therefore more and more narrowly capitalistic and cowardly, I count it a singularly fortunate thing that these free-lance individuals have come to the front. They give something of the flavor of the days when dailies were known as Dana's *Sun* and Godkin's *Post* and Henry Watterson's *Courier-Journal,* and the other owners were perfectly willing to take the back seats—and the profits—and let the famous editors have the prestige and the editorial responsibility. It is a loss and not a gain that the high-salaried writers with great personal followings are only in the news or "opposite-editorial" pages, that the editorial writers do not have the opportunity to influence public opinion by their personal qualities as well as by the facts they marshal and the arguments they present. Whether one agrees or totally disagrees with them, the more men like Frank Simonds and Heywood Broun and Walter Lippmann appear in the press openly in their own right, the better for the profession. Such as they form, perhaps, a last bulwark in journalism behind which free opinion can intrench itself. When their names begin to disappear from our newspapers we shall know that we are in for a new and probably a worse era—if not headed for concentration camps set up to imprison and destroy men who think and speak for themselves.

Oswald Garrison Villard

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"In these three years I have restored honor and freedom to the German people!"

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The Scottsboro Puppet Show

By CARLETON BEALS

Decatur, Alabama, January 27

THE Scottsboro trial is a puppet show. The principals are jerked through their ordained parts with such fidelity to class and racial and regional traditions, their motives and emotions so faithfully obeying established patterns, that it is difficult, even on the scene, face to face with reality, to realize that these are human beings, or that nine Negro boys, after five years of incarceration, are still fighting for their lives. The vulgar tragi-comedy of the plot being enacted here in the little cotton and mill town of Decatur in the northern red-hill district of Alabama, the pettiness of the judge, the trickery and the demagogic ambitions of the prosecution, and the hatred of the poor-white-trash spectators, relieved only by the gleam of starved lust when they listen to salacious testimony or their amens of approval when the judge squashes the argument of the defense, make it difficult to appreciate that here is being decided a case which may well mark the beginning of a new chapter in the history of the South and of the nation.

It would be easy, too, to forget these things for the quaintness of the scene and the types. An unshaved jury commissioner in a frayed collar and greasy suit that hangs in folds tells you at length in an almost unintelligible dialect how he has been reducing. A ruddy deputy sheriff with a big paunch and gold lodge pin tells you of the cars he saw piled up in the blizzard while he was bringing the nine Negro prisoners from Birmingham to the courtroom. "The damn' niggers," he tells you with comfortable joviality, "ain't wo'th all this heah trouble." A court clerk spends all his recess periods examining the chaw twists of tobacco of the courtroom folk—scarcely a man is unable to produce one, and the court proceedings are punctuated constantly by the spurt of tobacco juice on the floor and wall. The whole courthouse from basement to attic, despite the most amazing collection of spittoons I have ever seen under one roof, is stained with brown juice.

An old man with a mop of uncut and never-combed white hair hanging about a gossipy, womanish face hops in on a home-made crutch, with one shriveled foot wrapped in dirty cloths sticking out sideways. He leans over the rail and wisecracks at the defense attorneys, then hops from person to person in the courtroom urging vengeance.

Prosecutor Thomas E. Knight, Jr., who has played sharp politics with this case and has ridden on the backs of these Negro boys into the lieutenant governorship and expects soon to ride into the governorship, peers from unexpected places in the courtroom with glazed blue eyes. His smile of victory and smug contempt draws back frog-like across his narrow face like a stretched rubber band. During a recess he foregathers with some of the correspondents. With two armed deputies on either side, the Negro defendant Haywood Patterson sits over against the wall.

Knight has been very successful with this case. He knows the temper of local juries and how to appeal to them. He never misses an opportunity to show contempt for that foreign country "New Yawk" and by implication to cast contempt on the defense attorney, Samuel S. Leibowitz, who after Clarence Darrow is probably the most brilliant criminal lawyer in the country. Furthermore Knight's own father sits on the Supreme Court bench of the state of Alabama and helps write the confirmations of the verdicts rendered by the local farmer juries. But during this last trial Knight has been rather subdued. The defense opened with a plea that he retire from the case because the Alabama constitution prohibits a public official from holding two public posts, and because if Ku Klux Klan Governor Bibb Graves should die or leave the state, Knight, as acting governor, would have to pass on any plea for clemency from the boys he helped to condemn. Throughout the trial the defense ironically referred to him only as "Governor."

A jury venireman approached me in the corridor during recess to tell me he did not believe anything he read in the newspapers. A lean, red-headed fellow with steel "specs," he moved his quid of tobacco to one side of his mouth to tell me of the origin of the "nigger" race—he had just solemnly sworn to the court he had no racial prejudices. Cain, it seemed, after killing Abel, went off to the land of Nod where he "knew a woman." "Now mos' folk don't go on and think things out. The Bible never says sexual intercourse, it jus' says a man knows a woman. But the Bible tells that there couldn't be no human folk at that time in the land of Nod. Now jus' put two and two together. Cain had offspring in the land of Nod, so he had him a female baboon or chimpanzee or somethin' like that. An' that's how the nigger race started."

After the geniality of the first day the courtroom setting became grim and harsh as it filled up with a rougher, though orderly crowd. Judge William Washington Callahan drove through the proceedings with relentless speed, making no concessions for delay of witnesses or anything else. Judge Callahan is a man over seventy whose son was recently acquitted of murder through a temporary-insanity plea. The Judge has a lashing tongue and indulges in salty dialect witticisms that usually fall viciously at the wrong moment. With his wispy white hair, his choleric rumblings, his easy mouthing of legal and constitutional formulas, he is, as one writer said, a Hollywood version of a Southern judge.

A climax in the trial was reached on the second day, after seven wearying hours in the foul-aired courtroom, when the two defense attorneys called for a mistrial, accusing the Judge of impatience, irascibility, continued ridiculing of the physical and other evidence of the defense, and repeated remarks made to prejudice the jury. Judge Callahan declared that if he had made any improper remarks he was willing to apologize, and in a tone of cold fury denied the motion. He then charged the jury not to heed the remarks of the defense, nor were the jurors to be prejudiced against the defense because of their motion. Subsequently the defense made five other mistrial motions which were denied.

At the outset Judge Callahan ruled out as evidence the defense model of the fatal freight train that ran between

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Stevenson and Paint Rock five years ago with its human cargo of young derelicts and two mill trollops, Victoria Price and Ruby Bates. "That train is a useless waste of time," snapped the Judge. "It would take half a day longer and is no help to anybody." Actually, without the model train no proper reconstruction of the details is possible. When the defense insisted, the Judge roared out, "I cain't waste time this way. How will you get it set up as it was?"

The model was identical with that admitted by Judge Callahan at the previous trial, but he now demanded that the defense produce evidence. As the defense was not expecting to be asked for witnesses until late afternoon, the train conductor was not available, and most of the witnesses were required to go through long-winded unintelligible explanations which could have been settled at once by the model. In a previous trial Judge Callahan sarcastically remarked about the train, "Go ahead and set it up before Santa Claus gets it."

Late in the afternoon, after two-thirds of the evidence was in, the defense was able to call Conductor R. S. Turner to identify the model train again. Callahan again objected, "All I see it does, it takes up a lot of time"; and throughout the trial he seemed to take the attitude that the loss of five minutes was more important than the lives of the nine Negro boys. As the conductor started to testify, the Judge bellowed at him to ask him the total number of box cars on the train, and before the conductor could make his calculations rushed to another question in such a way as to imply lack of credibility in the witness. Frequently throughout the trial, whenever any witness seemed likely to make a statement that threw light on the facts, the Judge would roar over the bench at him, interrupting and confusing the evidence.

As in all previous trials the star witness of the state, since Ruby Bates recanted her testimony, was Victoria Price. She entered the courtroom well dressed in blue wool and brown velvet coat, and was not, as before, chewing snuff. In an earlier trial she had testified that one of the Negro boys had held her mouth so she couldn't take a spit. On this occasion she altered her testimony in a few key matters, declaring, for instance, that the gravel car was filled up only to two and a half feet from the top as compared to a foot and a half in her previous statements. But when the defense attempted to bring out the contradictions of Victoria Price's testimony with her statements in previous trials the Judge promptly sustained the objections made by the prosecution. The court ruled out all evidence bearing upon the past conduct of Victoria Price—her jail convictions, her various marriages, her actual relations with Jack Tiller, a married man, her profligacy with two different men on the two nights preceding the supposed rape. But in his charge to the jury Judge Callahan declared that the credibility of Victoria Price was not in question, because the defense had not produced evidence showing bad character or untruthfulness.

She sat with her back half turned to the defense except during cross-examination. She spit out her words venomously at the defense with a hard crease in her thin mouth, and this time in her evidence increased the number of scratches on her body, but denied the disfigurations on her face to which she had previously testified and which had been denied by half a dozen witnesses. In this trial she put the supposed blow on her scalp instead of on her forehead over one eye. When no signal for a given reply was forthcoming from the prosecution, toward which she constantly glanced, she would answer sullenly, "I cain't remember." Several times during interruptions she sat smiling at Prosecutor Knight from behind a blue handkerchief.

The local prosecuting attorney and Sunday School teacher, Malvin Hutson, opened the jury pleading. Spitting his cud of tobacco into a spittoon and dropping his legs over the table, he combed his hair, smoothed his tiny black bow tie, and talked for a few seconds to the jury in an intimate low tone. His plump boyish face gradually flushed, and suddenly he sobbed out in a tone that shook the windows, "Save the pure womanhood of Alabama!" From then one he alternately roared and sobbed about the courtroom in a voice that would have filled the Metropolitan Opera House, giving a cross between a sermon and a stump speech and devoting only a few brief moments to actual summing up of the evidence. "Women, red, white, black, or green, depend upon this jury for protection," he insisted. He pictured the long fight of the pitiful Victoria Price for vindication, without which the jurors would have to "hang their heads." Whether "in overalls or in furs" a woman was protected by the law of Alabama against the vilest crime of the human species, that of rape, a crime which put any man lower "than the birds of the air, the fish of the sea, or the beasts of the fields." Even dogs choose their mates. The law reached "from the mountain tops to the swamps and caves" to protect "the sacred secret parts of the female," and now almost in tears, he assured the jurors that "Victoria Price is a human of the female species." Unless the jury upheld the law, women "might have to buckle six-shooters about their middles." The penalty for rape in Alabama is death, a penalty prescribed in accordance "with the wisdom of the ages."

One prospective juror remarked that Hutson was a "very good" Sunday School teacher. He is such a good Sunday School teacher that Haywood Patterson is to spend seventy-five years in prison.

The knife and gun fracas between a deputy sheriff and Ozie Powell, one of the Scottsboro defendants, which took place on the top of Lacon Mountain on the road from Decatur to Birmingham, helps to obscure the complicated case. The original trial in Scottsboro, with a hurried conviction without proper defense and with a mill band playing "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight" under the courthouse windows, was a form of legal violence that barely stopped short of a major tragedy. The fact is that since then, during the five years of the case, seven of the defendants have never even been brought to trial. It would be strange indeed if stronger minds than those of these black derelicts were not preyed upon by fear, despair, and hate; and for five years the boys, who have grown into young manhood, have known only the companionship of criminals and riff-raff. Ozie Powell, who by his desperate act further endangered himself and his companions, has been brooding about these things. Jail madness seems the most likely explanation. Unfortunately more than ever the case is restored to the basis of passion, and the racial, social, and legal principles are further obscured. The boys will lose sympathy here and elsewhere, but, just as much as ever, justice as well as the boys will remain on trial.

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I Was an Editor in Germany

By FRANZ HOLLERING

THE *Berliner Zeitung am Mittag*—commonly known as the *B.Z.*—was one of the most successful newspapers of the Ullstein Publishing Company, which was owned by the five Ullstein brothers. (I speak of the House of Ullstein in the past tense, for today its old Jewish name is only one of Josef Goebbels's many pseudonyms.) The Ullstein Publishing Company enjoyed a prestige similar to that of the New York *Times,* but its range of activity and influence was much wider, since it issued daily, weekly, and monthly journals, published books, employed thousands of people, and had a world-wide news service. The two other leading papers of the Ullstein press were the lower-middle-class, pseudo-socialist *Berliner Morgenpost,* which had the largest circulation of any newspaper in the country, and the *Vossische Zeitung*—conservative, semi-highbrow—commonly referred to as *Tante Voss* (Auntie Voss).

On September 13, 1930, the *B.Z.* made a sensational prediction about the outcome of the Reichstag election scheduled for the following day. The Nazis, said the *B.Z.,* would gain at least seventy-five seats in a parliament in which they had never had more than twelve. As editor-in-chief of the *B.Z.* I was responsible for this prophecy. My publishers challenged me. Such a landslide, they felt, was quite impossible. For my part, I was so thoroughly convinced of the increased strength of the Nazis that I offered to resign as editor if at least 100 of Hitler's men were not elected. It was not necessary for me to resign. The returns showed that 107 Nazis had been elected to the parliament of the republic. The Ullsteins were panic-stricken. A midnight editorial conference was called. Iron fences were built across the lofty entrances of the vast building. A special permit issued for that night was needed for admission. Rumor had it that the Storm Troopers were planning a *Putsch* and that they were on their way to capture the publishing plants. As a matter of fact, the Nazis had no intention of following up their triumph immediately with a night of terror. Two years more of intensive propaganda were necessary to educate Hitler's followers in mass sadism.

The editorial conference of the night of September 14, 1930, was an unforgettable scene of intellectual confusion and cowardice. The House of Ullstein, through its leadership of the great democratic press of Germany, held the most effective weapon by which the Hitler propaganda might have been defeated. Its decision was to wait and see, on the theory that fighting fire with fire could lead only to greater conflagration. The fact behind the theory was of course an enormous property interest. The Ullsteins did not dare to suggest the democratic procedure of giving Hitler a place in the government, which might conceivably have dissipated his power by forcing his hand early in the game. If Hitler had refused to take part according to democratic rules, he could have been defeated at the next election. Having no policy, the Ullsteins marched with the rest of the liberal bourgeoisie and the Social Democrats, under the command of the militarists, along the Brüning-Papen-Schleicher path toward the Third Reich.

Hitler met no real opposition. Brüning, an ascetic among political profiteers, was possessed by one central idea—to prove, by trying and failing, that Germany could not fulfil the Treaty of Versailles. In order to frighten the Allies into whittling down reparations, Brüning allowed Hitler to exist and to grow as a Frankenstein with which to threaten the Allies. Behind Brüning was the invisible pressure of the Reichswehr, which from the very beginning (1918) used Hitler as a pawn in its militarist strategy. Accordingly, Hitler was not liquidated at the beginning as he well might have been. Instead of being deported, the obnoxious alien was invited to become a German citizen, and encouraged to stay in opposition.

The capitulation of the great democratic press before the growing Nazi power took place gradually. The Ullsteins did not dare to fight and therefore they rationalized their retreat; they recalled their "responsibility" to their innumerable employees, for whose sake they "sacrificed" their political convictions, which began to appear to them daily as more and more utopian. The journalists in their pay, on the other hand, felt that they must "carry on." As a matter of fact, working German journalists in those days acted exactly as any highly skilled craft unionists would act in similar circumstances. They had achieved many years before what the American Newspaper Guild is now fighting for—the right to collective bargaining. They even had old-age and sickness insurance, vacations, and a satisfactory status. They knew what the bosses wanted done, and they did not have to be told to do it. This silent understanding was known as "the freedom of the press." During the first months of the Third Reich even Jewish journalists wrote and published the most chauvinistic propaganda in behalf of "awakening Germany." They would have followed Hitler, if he had let them, just as they followed Dollfuss and as they are now following Mussolini and Starhemberg. They were not driven out until later.

Brüning's dangerous strategy of playing both ends against the middle made him more and more neurotic. Finally he could not stand the least criticism. He brushed aside the many warnings he received about the Hindenburg clique. He clamped down on the press. When the *B.Z.* reported that the Cabinet was discussing a project for autarchy—a forerunner of Hitler's policy of economic self-sufficiency, dictated by the same military considerations—it was the first democratic newspaper to be disciplined. As editor of the *B.Z.* I wished to oppose the Brüning policy, to fight, not to yield; but the publishers frowned. They had the "public weal" in mind; they were not going to let "fancy notions" of the freedom of the press be misused to tout editorial convictions at such a dangerous time; they were going "to stand behind the Chancellor."

The liberal tradition of the House of Ullstein could not be thrown overboard all at once. It went piece by piece, and a whole year passed before the trend became clear. Meanwhile the winds of reaction blew ever more strongly and the Ullstein brothers bent with them. The

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older editors, burdened with family responsibilities, were willing to take any attitude which promised security against the oncoming storm. The great press viewed the onslaughts of National Socialism through rose-tinted spectacles. It took to optimistic discussions of non-controversial topics. The Ullsteins advised against offending the National Socialists by the use of the word "Nazi." Those among its editors who tended, either out of conviction or through naivete, to write the truth, had their wings clipped. Thus, gradually, fascism gained headway not only in German life but also in the press. A few incidents which occurred in 1931 will illustrate this prostitution of the liberal press.

The violent demonstrations which ended the performance of the film "All Quiet on the Western Front" were led in person by Goebbels and Count Helldorf, now chief of police of Berlin. This scandal, followed by a little pogrom, marked the first decisive advance of National Socialism in the streets of the German capital. Did the Ullstein papers defend the pacifist tendency of the film, which had been made from a book published by Ullstein years before? On the contrary. Restraint was the motto. When some of the younger editors protested, the Jewish editor-in-chief of the *Vossische Zeitung* remarked: "But gentlemen, remember we are not a Jewish sheet!" In this phrase, ironically but seriously uttered, he was already mouthing the Nazi doctrine that pacifism is Jewish. The House of Ullstein would have preferred to have it forgotten that it had ever published Erich Maria Remarque; and when Hitler came into power, the publishers actually sent a representative post-haste to Switzerland to cancel their contract with the author.

Carl von Ossietzky, the editor of the *Weltbühne* and the most distinguished of German publicists (he has been in a concentration camp since Hitler took control), was given a sentence of eighteen months for publishing a criticism of the aviation budget of the Ministry of War. The sentence was a crime against justice and even against the law—there could be no argument about that, and there was none. The conservative press applauded the verdict. The *B.Z.* alone among the Ullstein papers dared to register a protest, whereupon I was accused of high treason not only in the Nazi press but also in the increasingly more reactionary Ullstein circles. An attempt to clear up the affair at an editorial conference was cut short by the statement, "Right or wrong, anyone who mentions military matters deserves to go to prison." There you had the pacifism of the official German democracy. Needless to say, Hitler's construction of a modern war machine in the incredibly short space of two years would have been impossible if its skeleton had not been perfected when he came to power.

One day the Prussian Minister of the Interior, the Socialist Severing, asked some "left" newspapermen to come to his office for an urgent confidential meeting. I sat between him and the Catholic Dr. Klausner—murdered by Hitler on June 30, 1934. I can still see the excitement in the faces of both men. Severing read us a couple of typewritten sheets which on the following day became known throughout the entire world as the Boxheim document. The police had obtained it from a Nazi, the son of a Social Democrat, who had become conscience-stricken. Its author was a certain Dr. Best, one of the Nazi leaders. It contained a plan for the overthrow of the government. All the atrocities which Hitler actually committed later on were listed in the Boxheim document with true German thoroughness. Severing asked us to give this paper the greatest possible publicity; it would, he felt, have a sobering effect. His guests were skeptical. Had he overlooked, they asked, the preamble, which said that these measures were to be taken only in the event of a Communist *Putsch*—which was more unlikely than a visit from Mars? Severing insisted, and he was right, that the Boxheim document meant what it said without any reference to the Communists: the Nazis customarily put such "preambles" in their secret papers; it helped them to escape the law in reactionary courts if they were caught. The reactionary Supreme Court was only too glad to let itself be taken in. And so also was the democratic and liberal press. The *B.Z.* did not make itself more popular with its owners by exposing the document for what it was. (Dr. Best, of course, went free; the betrayer of the Boxheim document was shot by the Nazis.)

Kurt Tucholsky, brilliant writer for the *Weltbühne,* wrote every Sunday a non-political essay in the *Vossische Zeitung.* As the Nazi agitation grew, the publishers canceled their agreement with Tucholsky. Thus long before the Nazis had occasion to burn Tucholsky's books his work as a left-wing writer had been cut short by democratic publishers. This fact, rather than the Nazi suppression, was at the root of the despair which finally drove him to suicide in exile, in Sweden, on December 22, 1935.

In the *B.Z.* of December 12, 1931, appeared Hitler's secret summons "To Everybody Trained for the Aviation Service." Having formed infantry, cavalry, and motor corps, he was now organizing an aviation corps. It was obvious that he could not do all this without the secret approval of the Ministry of War. And it was not surprising that General Groener, who was both Minister of the Interior and Minister of War, saw red when he saw the *B.Z.* An hour later I knew that action was being taken against me by the Ullsteins. The jig was up. A high official of the publishing house came to see me. There were no objections to me personally, he said, but I had to learn to make compromises. I rejected this proposal. In fact, on December 13 I printed in the *B.Z.* further exposures of the secret Nazi activities. On that very afternoon I ceased to be editor-in-chief of the *B.Z. am Mittag.* The National Socialist press crowed: "High treason crushed at last! Editor brought down by Hitler's flying corps!"

Before Carl von Ossietzky went to prison he stated the political gist of the case in the *Weltbühne* of January 5, 1932: "The behavior of the Ullstein concern in this matter is something worse than a mere blunder of bewildered business men. It is the most scandalous capitulation before National Socialism on record. It is a crime against the freedom of the German press in its gravest crisis."

Thirteen months later the House of Ullstein was *gleichgeschaltet.* Despite their great gift for protective coloration the Ullstein brothers could not escape their fate. The violent anti-Semitism which is the birthmark of German fascism robbed them of their power, though they were compensated with an appropriate number of millions for their properties. They do not have to live on refugee funds.

]*This is the first of two articles by Franz Höllering, who is now an exile in America. His second article, dealing with his experiences as an editor in Berlin at the time of the Reichstag fire, will be published next week.*]

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Washington Weekly

By PAUL W. WARD

Washington, January 26

AL SMITH, in his speech at the Liberty League's banquet here, did more than read himself out of the Democratic Party. He also read himself out of the respect and affections of all men of good faith.

That, at least, was the reaction of the majority of those who sat at the press tables, and their reaction is more important than that of the du Ponts, Davises, Becks, and Reeds who paid to attend the rhetorical lynching Smith had been engaged to stage with Roosevelt as victim. The reporters belong to the great middle class which holds the balance of political power in this country. They also belong to the only group that Smith has a chance of swinging away from Roosevelt and to his enemies. I refer, of course, to the group that voted for Smith in 1928.

Unlike the bulk of the billion-dollar audience on the main floor of the ballroom, the majority of the reporters up in the balcony had not looked down their noses at Al in 1928 but had virtually worshiped him, had been anguished by his defeat, and in 1932 would have preferred him to Roosevelt. Furthermore, they had long since recovered from their 1933 infatuation for Franklin the First, and would have welcomed a bona fide criticism of his reign from Smith. But what they saw and heard was something that drove them back toward the Roosevelt camp and sickened them. It also drove back and sickened millions in the radio audience, presumably, for a substantial proportion of the telegrams that came to Smith after his speech were denunciatory.

What the reporters saw was the Happy Warrior of 1928 turned into the Waspy Harrier of 1936 and successfully using all the old tricks with which he had won their devotion—his slang, his eloquent grunts, his "foists," and his hoarse-voiced witticisms—to captivate a pack of stuffed shirts and fat bank accounts. They were prepared to ignore his obvious hatred for the present occupant of the White House, a hatred fed upon the knowledge that it is fully reciprocated. But they were not adequately prepared to see Al making slavish love to his former enemies, delighting the nation's richest sweatshoppers with his bludgeonings of the NRA, keeping the fastidious Mrs. Sabin in stitches with his vulgarisms, and edifying with tremolo-stopped references to his mother, wife, and sister a flotilla of dowagers who once shuddered at the thought of Mrs. Smith in the White House.

The humor of the occasion, however, was not wasted on the men and women in the balcony. Much of it was provided by members of the audience, such as a horsey Philadelphian in red who in a moment of bibulous indiscretion had dipped her fur muff in a plate of ice cream and constantly reminded observers of that mishap by waving the muff aloft on a diamond-braceleted arm as she shrieked cheer after cheer for Al on the slightest provocation. Most of the cheering done came from persons intoxicated with more than love for Al and the Constitution, and there was much cheering of that sort, for cocktails and wine were plentiful.

It is well that that was so, for otherwise the lack of applause at certain points in Al's speech would have been painful. An accurate chart of the Liberty League's hypocrisies and prejudices could be made by analyzing the rise and fall of the applause. When Smith said, "I am here because I am a Democrat," the crowd roared. But when he said he had joined the Democratic Party "because I was led to believe that no man owned it," and then paused for applause, none came; plainly his audience was embarrassed by the thought of an un-owned party. Similarly, when he spoke in praise of social legislation and of stock-exchange regulation, his audience evinced only discomfort. The complete give-away came when he got around to discussing division of governmental authority. When he said, "We don't want any Executive to tell Congress what it must do," the crowd bellowed approval; but when he added, "We don't want any Congress to tell the Executive what he must do," the applause was merely polite. When he went on to say, "We don't want Congress or the Executive jointly or severally to tell the United States Supreme Court what it must do," the crowd responded with delirious roars of applause and cheers; all of which quickly died as he continued, "We don't want the United States Supreme Court to tell either of them what they must do." Al should leave out that line next time.

He also will fare better if he leaves out the last five minutes of his speech, for it was his peroration that destroyed all that was meaty in the body of his diatribe. And there was much that was meaty, especially his thrust at Roosevelt as the beneficent autocrat. That was both an effective and a legitimate dig, and one that sensible men will remember, for Roosevelt invited it by saying in his message to Congress that the powers bestowed on the executive branch of government under the New Deal would be dangerous ones to have fall into "the hands of political puppets of an economic autocracy." Al quite properly interpreted that as meaning, "If you are going to have an autocrat, take me; be very careful about the other fellow." And with complete and prescient justification he added, "We don't want any autocrats. . . . We wouldn't even take a good one."

But there is hardly anything that will make up for, detract from, or excuse Smith's waving of the bloody shirt, his "Washington or Moscow," his "Star Spangled Banner or the Internationale," his "clear, pure fresh air of free America or the foul breath of communistic Russia." Such demagogic absurdities will drive away instead of recapturing his following of 1928. If they deserve any further comment, it is this: Jim Farley was right; it is going to be "a dirty campaign."

* * *

ONE of its dirtiest manifestations is about to occur down in Macon this week. There Governor Eugene Talmadge of Georgia, whom Ickes calls "His Chain-Gang Excellency," is about to hold an anti-Roosevelt rally of Southern Democrats. Within the last few days his organization has effected a liaison with what is left of the late Huey Long's "Share the Wealth" organization. Both groups are motivated chiefly by a White House denial of what they consider their just share of the spoils flowing out of the

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Democratic victory in 1932; the spoils have been distributed, but to rival gangs. To this motivation there is added a more subtle one through the Southern Committee to Uphold the Constitution, a Southern version of the American Liberty League headed by John H. Kirby, Texas lumberman and lobbyist. Between it and the red-gallused Talmadge there has been an understanding for several months, and there is reason to believe that plans are under way to place Talmadge in the field as a third-party candidate in the hope that he may cost Roosevelt some Southern states and thus the election. The roster of Kirby's committee contains the names of many of the South's leading steel men, bankers, and others closely allied with Eastern capitalists.

The only thing lacking in the line-up at Macon is the Townsend organization, which appears to be making little or no headway in the South despite a judicious use of Klan and Anti-Saloon League methods, including, it is reported, the enlistment of backwoods preachers as organizers on payment of modest weekly *pourboires*. The Townsend movement is also meeting one setback after another in Congress. Dr. Townsend has just had to renounce all thought of establishing a national third party under threat by members of the Townsend bloc in the House that they would take his movement away from him if he refused. From outside Washington come reports of dissension within the organization over tactics and finances. The first attempt of the session to obtain a test vote on the Townsend plan was made a few days ago by young Representative Monaghan, a Montana Democrat. It failed, Representative Cooper, a Tennessee Democrat, quickly ruling the motion out of order. Meanwhile hardly a day passes without some member of the House denouncing the Townsend movement and proclaiming his intention of having it subjected to a Congressional investigation.

Where the German Ghetto Leads

By WILLIAM ZUKERMAN

THE Ghetto has now been established in Germany. It was legally introduced with much pomp on September 14 with the promulgation of the Nürnberg laws and has since become an important fact in German life, one which both Jews and non-Jews must take into account in dealing with the German situation.

Soon after the promulgation of the Nürnberg laws many well-informed observers of foreign affairs in Germany, including some of the best foreign correspondents, believed that the new laws, cruel and bitter as they are, would end the chapter of anti-Jewish persecution in Germany and would somehow effect an improvement in the position of Jews. Several facts were adduced to support this belief. The first was that a considerable part of German society was thoroughly nauseated by the eternal din of "Jew, Jew, Jew," which has not ceased in Germany since the Nazis came to power, and felt a very intelligible desire to have a rest from the accursed question, which occupies more space in the Nazi press and in Nazi public pronouncements than almost any other problem facing the German people. It was thought that the Nürnberg laws would bring this respite, both to Germans and to Jews. Jewish life, it was recognized, would be tragically restricted within the confines of a virtual Ghetto, but the Jew would at least be free from anxiety and would have some assurance for his future. The lines of demarcation being rigidly drawn, the Jews would be left at peace within them.

Another ground for hope was the expectation that the new legislation would do away with the legal anarchy prevailing in Germany with regard to the Jewish question, which made it possible for every petty Nazi official in the provinces to proclaim his own laws and issue his own decrees affecting the lives and fortunes of many Jews. Under this state of legal anarchy hundreds of cities, towns, and villages in Germany had prohibited Jews from entering their precincts and proudly announced the fact by means of illuminated sign-boards; hundreds of other cities had banned Jews from their public libraries, archives, museums, theaters, cinemas, cafes, and other public places; many famous cities forbade Jews to use their public baths, swimming pools, rivers, and medicinal springs. A number of towns in Germany even now prohibit the sale of food to Jews, of milk to Jewish children, and of medicines to Jewish sick. This state of anarchy was also responsible for the terrible Jew-baiting campaign conducted by Julius Streicher, with its blood libels, its revolting particulars of "race pollution," its high-pressure blackmail methods in the boycott of the Jews, its hysteria and near-lynching of Jewish youths seen associating with German girls.

These considerations accounted for the comparative acquiescence with which the Nürnberg laws were accepted by some sincere friends of the Jews and even by some of the Jews themselves. The government issued many pronouncements about the stabilizing effect of the legalization of the Jewish position. Dr. Goebbels, and even Streicher himself, proclaimed the end of individual anti-Jewish acts. Some of the official Nazi newspapers gave expression to a feeling of relief in words which seemed to say: Now we shall be able to forget the Jews for a while, and we shall have a little peace. Certain foreign liberals also placed hope in the average German's respect for law now that he had laws concerning Jews to go by.

Such hopes were doomed to disappointment. Within a brief fortnight from the proclamation of the Nürnberg decrees it became clear to all who cared to see that this legislation was not the end of a chapter but the beginning of a new period of persecution. The new anti-Jewish laws have legalized the state of pogrom created by the Streicher drive, and this has been done not in order to call a halt to Jew-baiting but to make possible further advances. No sooner were the new laws proclaimed than a period of interpreting and implementing them began which promises to be even more tragic than earlier stages. The anti-Jewish boycott is being waged with as much virulence as before; the municipalities have been declared to be within their rights as autonomous governments in enacting their fanatical

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laws against the Jews; the orgy of Jew-baiting has not abated in the least. Moreover, the anarchic situation has not been resolved. There is as much agonizing uncertainty about the meaning of the Nürnberg laws as there was about the status of the Jew before these laws existed. The hunt of the Jew has not been called off; the beast has only been declared fair game for all, and the hunt has been made a legal national sport. The effect of the legislation upon the average law-abiding German burgher, too, has been only to put his legal conscience at rest. It is no longer *verboten* to bait the Jew, to persecute and humiliate him; so, therefore, it cannot be wrong. On with the hunt!

The fact is that Nazi Germany is already going ahead with a new and intensified anti-Jewish drive, probably the last and greatest of all. The new drive is against the remaining economic positions held by the Jews. Having safeguarded German blood, the Streicher forces are now out to safeguard German commerce and industry. And with much better reason than before. The economic position of the Third Reich is notoriously bad, even if the political prestige of the regime has risen. The new army, navy, and air force may be a source of pride and satisfaction, but they eat up 40 per cent of the budget. The internal debt has risen from two to ten billion marks since the Nazi regime came into power. Exports have diminished to a point never known before; wages have gone down; raw material is scarce; so are also certain kinds of foodstuffs. There were signs of unrest in the summer, and they may be expected to increase this winter. How is the emergency to be met? What other means has National Socialism of quieting the unrest except a strong drive against the remaining economic positions of the Jews? There still remain several thousand shops and enterprises in Jewish hands; several thousand Jewish physicians are still practicing in Berlin and in a few other cities. What more natural than that these businesses and posts should be turned over to pure Aryans to allay the increasing economic discontent? If there is not scope enough within the framework of the new laws for the new drive, a pretext will be found in some action of Jews abroad to warrant new legislation. Did not the *Führer* himself openly admit at Nürnberg that German Jews were, in effect, being held as hostages by the Nazi regime to insure the good behavior of Jews abroad?

Those who have looked for security, legality, and certainty in the Nürnberg laws have misjudged the temper of the Nazi regime and misread the clear lessons of history, one of the most striking of which is to be found in the remarkable resemblance between the present position of the Jews in Germany and their position in Czarist Russia in the last decades of the nineteenth century. There is a fascinating analogy between the Nürnberg decrees and the infamous anti-Jewish laws of Alexander III proclaimed in 1882. The resemblance is so close, both in spirit and detail, that one cannot escape the conviction that the Nazi regime is consciously imitating the legislation of fifty years ago which made the regime of Alexander III notorious for its barbarism.

The Nürnberg laws will lead German Jews and Germany itself along the path that Russia followed after the passage of the laws of '82. These laws drove Russian Jews, almost as a body, into the Russian revolutionary movement and thus quickened the process which brought the violent collapse of the forces of social reaction. It is probable that no other single legislative act of Czarist Russia served more effectively to bring about the downfall of the regime than did the anti-Jewish laws of '82. Once history has begun to repeat itself, what will stay its course? Who can say that Germany will follow the ghosts of Czarist history only until 1905 and no farther?

As the first result of the present anti-Jewish laws in Germany, German Jews will be thrown into closer association with those suppressed labor groups now working underground for the overthrow of the Nazi regime. Neither Germans nor German Jews are a revolutionary people. In spite of Hitler's ravings about Jewish Marxists, the Jews in Germany are mostly a middle-class people with a typical bourgeois psychology very much like that of the Nazis themselves before they were brutalized by power. They are an orderly, well-to-do, comfort-loving people, such as a high state of industrial civilization tends to produce everywhere among the middle classes. They lack the deep spirituality of the Russian Jews, and that passionate inborn sense of revolt against injustice which under similar circumstances of oppression in Russia sent thousands of Jews into the vanguard of the revolutionary movement and made their fight against Czarism one of the epic events of the Russian Revolution. But circumstances are rapidly changing the psychology as well as the social and economic status of the German Jews. The Nürnberg laws cut them off from all association with bourgeois society, of which they were an integral part, and no other social relationship is left for them except with labor.

For if anything emerges clearly from the chaos in Germany it is that the outburst of anti-Semitism which seems to have swept the whole people is, in fact, confined to the German middle class and petty bourgeoisie. Like Nazism itself, the orgy of Jewish hatred is probably the last stand of an impotent and ineffectual class doomed to extinction even as Czarism was, a class which sees its end approaching and clutches madly at the last chance of power. All competent observers of Germany are in agreement that neither the higher German aristocracy nor German labor is swayed by that anti-Semitic mass-hysteria which animates the small German shopkeeper and petty official. It is the German middle class, not the German people, that has failed the Jews. In labor quarters in Germany Jews not only find no hatred but often even sympathy and help. If it were not for this silent but powerful moral support from the mass of the German working people, the Jews in Germany could not have withstood so long the fierce fury of the Streicher drives. If the German working class were as anti-Semitic as the middle class, there would long ago have been massacres in Germany no less bloody than those that took place in Czarist Russia.

German Jews have hitherto entirely ignored German labor. Jewish associations have always been with the petty bourgeoisie in Germany, to whom they have rendered great historic services. The gratitude shown for these is the present anti-Semitic outburst and the reestablishment of the Ghetto. But German Jews have too long been a part of German society to go back to the Ghetto now and to feel self-sufficient in segregation. It is only the Jewish Nationalists, with a mentality akin to that of other nationalists, who find it easy to acquiesce in the Nazi plan of complete Jewish segregation and even to accept with equanimity the prospect of a Jewish exodus from Germany. The bulk of the Ger-

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man Jews have been a part of Germany too long to succumb so easily to despair. They do not accept Hitler's verdict as that of the entire German people, or National Socialism as the last word of German history. They feel that Germany is their home and that they are a part of German society. But with the German shopkeeper maddened for the moment and wildly shouting "Juda, Verrecke!" German Jews naturally turn to that other "nation" which they have hitherto neglected, which pleads for the aid and abilities of Jews in the hour of its greatest emergency. If German Jews will serve the German working class with half the zeal they showed in the service of the German shopkeeper and petty official, the Nürnberg laws will not mean a return to a real Ghetto. The future historian may see these laws as marking the turn of the tide in National Socialism, even as the Czarist laws marked a similar turn in Russia.

The Spread of Hitlerism

By M. W. FODOR

THE dream of the union of Germany and Austria, or rather, of the union of Germany with the Germans of the former Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, is almost as old as Mazzini's dream of "Unita Italia": it coincides with the revival of nationalism all over Europe at the beginning of the nineteenth century. Union was actually attained for a few weeks when the famous parliament met in St. Paul's Church at Frankfort in 1848. The Austro-German union had famous champions as early as the third quarter of the past century in the persons of George von Schönerer, H. K. Wolf, Walther Riehl, and Rudolf Jung. Though Bismarck defeated Hapsburg Austria in 1866 and succeeded in breaking up the German *Bund,* he included in the second German Empire only the South German states, and left Austria, with a German population of 12,000,000, to the Hapsburgs. Bismarck rightly feared the further disintegration of the Austro-Hungarian Monarchy, which he regarded as a useful future ally.

The peacemakers of Versailles, however, did not realize the importance of this motley group of nationalities called Austria-Hungary, and they broke it up into small units. Severed from its natural markets, Austria, small and desolate, attempted a union with Germany in November, 1918, in order to find an existence in the economic life of a great empire which, even if defeated and derelict for the moment, was bound one day to rise from its ashes. The desire of these Germans in Austria and Czecho-Slovakia for union with the German fatherland after the war was genuine and strong. Plebiscites in the Tyrol and Salzburg in the post-war years yielded enormous majorities in favor of *Anschluss.* But the peace treaties stood in the way.

A change came with the swift growth of National Socialism in Germany. The idea of union was strong before, but Adolf Hitler's movement breathed new life into it. No race has suffered so much from an inferiority complex as has the German. National Socialism was a kind of Coué method of converting the inferiority complex, at least temporarily, into a feeling of superiority. Hitler wrote in his "Mein Kampf": "The German Reich as a state shall include all Germans, with the function not only of collecting and preserving for this people the useful remains of ancient racial elements, but also of leading them, slowly but surely, to a dominating position." Herr Schmidt in Reichenberg, Czecho-Slovakia, and Herr Schimmelpfennig in São Paolo, Brazil, read this sentence and became conscious of the greatness of their nationality.

In carrying out his ideas Hitler used the efficient propaganda machinery set up by Goebbels and Rosenberg. The chief results are the still uncertain situation in Austria, the victory of Conrad Henlein in the last Czecho-Slovak elections, the unrest among the Germans in Hungary, the considerable increase of Nazi strength among the Swabians in Yugoslavia, and the rapid rise of an illegal Nazi movement in Rumania. The brunt of this propaganda since Hitler's rise to power has been directed against "independent" Austria. Although the greater part of the Austrian population had previously desired to join Germany, after the establishment of the rule of Hitler this feeling was modified: the Social Democrats, after observing the fate of their comrades in the Reich, turned away from the pan-German idea. Had Austria possessed a great statesman in those days of severe pressure, he would have attempted to unite the ranks of the Catholics with those of the Social Democrats, both groups being anxious to escape the fate of their brothers in Nazi Germany. The late Dr. Dollfuss, however, failed to grasp the situation. In his hatred of the Socialists he followed the advice of Mussolini to fight a battle on two fronts, and was able to defeat, first, a Socialist rising, and then a Nazi *Putsch.* The second event, however, caused his own death. The defeated Socialists have an irreconcilable hatred for the Schuschnigg government, and if they are not yet open allies of the Nazis against the present regime, the danger exists that in case of a new revolt the Socialists, probably to their ultimate destruction, would offer a helping hand to the followers of Hitler.

The National Socialist *Putsch* of July, 1934, afforded a good opportunity to the Austrian government to break up the Nazi organizations. The Storm Troops were not only dissolved, but the Storm Troopers were thrown into jail or were sent to concentration camps. The secret party organization was dissolved, and every new attempt to reorganize the party has been frustrated by the vigilance of the authorities. Yet the Nazi movement in Austria, despite this persecution, appears to be invincible. One of the reasons is the weakness of the government, which is unable to inspire the youth of the country. The younger generation of Austrians know little of their country's splendid past, but they all know that Mussolini said, "What is Austria, who is she?" and then compared their country with a spittoon. And the young people also know—thanks to the ubiquitous German propaganda—that the Nazis won an enormous majority at the plebiscite in the Saar; that the camouflaged Nazis had an overwhelming victory in Czecho-Slovakia; that Hitler's Germany repudiated the military clauses of

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the Versailles treaty and no French troops marched in to punish the offenders; that England made a naval pact with Germany which is regarded by the Nazi youth as England's complete swing to their side; that the war in Abyssinia has weakened Italy's watch on the Brenner frontier.

Czecho-Slovakia is the largest of Germany's small-nation neighbors. It has a large, excellently equipped army. Moreover, it is an ally of France and has recently concluded a treaty of mutual assistance with Soviet Russia. But two other neighbors, Poland and Hungary, are only awaiting the day when an armed conflict shall arise between Germany and Czecho-Slovakia. Near the German border in Czecho-Slovakia are 3,500,000 Germans—out of a population of 14,000,000—who in the event of an armed conflict would be a potential danger to Czecho-Slovakia. This German population has always been German nationalist in sympathy.

After a short period of oppression the Czechs gave fair treatment to the German minority after the war—undoubtedly better treatment than the Germans experienced in any other country. Later the Czechs gained the cooperation of three of the minor German parties in the Czech Parliament. But other groups, especially the German National Socialist Party of Czecho-Slovakia and the German National Party, followed an opposition policy for which they received plenty of encouragement from across the frontier. When the Nazis in Czecho-Slovakia over a year ago tried to use high-handed and violent methods, the government ordered their dissolution. But soon after the dissolution of the Nazi Party and the suppression of the German National Party, a German gymnastic teacher, Conrad Henlein, started an organization intended to unite all the "nationally oriented" Germans in Czecho-Slovakia. Gymnastic groups have always played an important role in the Bohemian district. In the days of the old Austrian empire the gymnastic organizations, the "Sokols," were important nuclei of nationalist revival among the Czechs. Henlein, pretending to stand for fidelity to the republic, succeeded with great energy in reorganizing not only a gymnastic movement but a political formation which he called the "Sudetendeutsche Front." Although Henlein pretends to be standing for the status quo, there is no doubt that he is the precursor of Hitler in Czecho-Slovakia.

No National Socialist Party exists in Hungary. Yet a visit to the villages in western Hungary or in the Swabian settlements round Budapest suffices to convince one that the atmosphere in these German villages is National Socialist. The Germans in Berlin complained bitterly about the persecution of the German voters at the recent elections in Hungary. General Gömbös's government is undoubtedly in a dilemma. While on the one hand, for sentimental and economic reasons, Gömbös wants friendly relations with Hitler, whose internal political methods he admires and whose revisionist foreign policy he hails, Hungary is sincerely frightened by the pan-German aspirations of Nazi Germany. The Berlin propaganda is highly effective in the German parts of Hungary. Propagandists come in the disguise of beggars, wanderers, tourists, and what not. They are eventually put over the frontier on one pretext or another, but hardly is one ousted when another arrives.

Equally difficult is the situation in Rumania with 600,000 Germans. These live mostly in large towns in the Banat or in Transylvania. During the last few years they have been subjected to intense National Socialist propaganda directed from Berlin, and in many municipalities the Nazis have succeeded in capturing the majority of the offices. Three years ago the German National Socialist Party of Rumania was dissolved, but this did not mean the end of the propaganda. The Rumanian press recently remarked with alarm the renewed growth of Nazi propaganda and the constant increase of Nazism in the cities of Transylvania. The youth wear, despite prohibition, the illegal brown shirts or black storm-troop uniforms. The Rumanian Henlein is a certain Herr Fabrizius, who is acting as "leader" and who is trying to do away once for all with the democratic groups among the Germans in the Banat and Transylvania.

The Yugoslav Germans are on good terms with the government. Nevertheless, a strong Nazi movement is noticeable not only in Maribor (Marburg) and Celje (Cilli) but also among the Germans of the Yugoslav Banat, in Pancevo, Beckerek, and other towns.

The penetration of Nazism among the Germans in Central and Southeastern Europe is magnificently organized. Before an astonished world has time to recover from the shock, one country after the other, it seems probable, will fall before this cleverly launched attack. If Austria goes, Czecho-Slovakia will not be able to survive, and subsequently the Germans of Hungary will be incorporated into Greater Germany. The speed of the progress depends on the various conflicts in Europe and on developments within Germany itself.

Loose Construction

By HEYWOOD BROUN

IT has been the custom of Al Smith to attack liberals on the ground that they are demagogues. In the course of his Liberty League speech he mentioned his mother, his wife, his children, his grandchildren, the Bible, the American flag, and the national anthem.

It is also in the Smith tradition to say, "Let us look at the record." The chief theme of the show which he put on for a dozen du Ponts and their friends was the charge that all would be well with this nation if only it would go back to the Democratic national platform of 1932. It would be interesting to have Mr. Smith point out just how that platform would serve to solve unemployment and the plight of the farmer.

In speaking of taxation the Liberty League orator said, "There's no use talking about the poor." This pledge was maintained by Al. Not once during his address did he suggest anything to relieve distress on the part of any underprivileged person. Nevertheless, it was an interesting evening. It is not every night that a large audience has the opportunity of watching a man sell his soul over a national hook-up.

* * *

THE Associated Press recently brought a suit to restrain the National Labor Relations Board from passing on the discharge of Morris Watson, guild leader who was suddenly dismissed by the press association. John W. Davis,

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chief counsel for the A. P., pleaded that the Wagner-Connery act, which undertakes to protect the right of workers to organize, was unconstitutional. The Asssociated Press has legal rights like any other business concern, but the action has put it in a curious position. In theory the A. P. is a neutral pipe-line for the distribution of news. It has some 1,350 clients, whom it is supposed to supply with facts quite free from editorial bias of any sort.

However, it happens that the fate of the Wagner-Connery act is important current news. The Associated Press has declared in court that it believes the measure to be unconstitutional. Accordingly, it has a stake in having that point of view upheld. It is possible that the A. P. might be wholly neutral in its news policy in spite of the position it has taken in court. It might even bend over a little backward to avoid suspicion of bias. By all standards of journalistic ethics the Associated Press ought to keep a couple of laps ahead of Caesar's wife. That would be a sound theory.

In practice the A. P. sent out a very long story when a Missouri judge held the Wagner act unconstitutional and a much shorter account when another federal judge in Memphis held the measure to be wholly within the powers of Congress. The New York *Times* and the New York *Herald Tribune* both played up the New Deal defeat as a front-page story. They both buried the New Deal victory inside.

Representative Marcantonio, who is one of the most courageous men in Congress, found a brief opportunity to call the attention of the House to the position of the A. P. in our national affairs. There was a short debate on the motion to grant the National Labor Relations Board $100,000 for its necessities. Mr. Marcantonio declared himself for the appropriation. "There is a concerted drive being made against the National Labor Relations Board and against the Wagner-Connery act. This drive is being conducted on all fronts. First, a committee of eighty-six lawyers, substituting themselves for the Supreme Court, declared the law to be unconstitutional. Then the Liberty League did the same. Only the other day the Associated Press through its counsel, John W. Davis, declared the law unconstitutional in a United States district court. Thus you can readily see the great need that this board has for appropriations in order adequately to meet the onslaught of its powerful enemies I have just enumerated."

Mr. Connery chimed in and said, "You cannot fight John W. Davis unless you give the board an opportunity to sit down and function."

It is the rarest thing in the world for any Congressman to criticize a great press association. However, it does not seem to be news that Marcantonio attacked the Associated Press. At any rate the A. P. sent out nothing about the matter.

It is ironical indeed to find the great fact-finding neutral organization coming into court and asking for an injunction so that the facts of the Morris Watson case can be suppressed. Certainly the Associated Press deserves to stand in contempt of all working newspapermen in this country.

* * *

AT Jack and Charlie's restaurant on Fifty-second Street in New York, better known as 21, the waiters are on strike for recognition of their union. To some of the patrons of this rendezvous this is awfully, awfully comic. A few even take it as a personal affront that they must put up with the bad service of scab waiters. It seems strange indeed that customers who have been in close contact with the old waiters should not stand by them now when they are fighting for their natural rights. Indeed, a committee is being formed among the newspapermen and actors and, also, among the unorganized patrons to drive home to the management that strike-breaking is no longer considered a joke.

New Yorkers are creatures of habit, but some who have gone with a fair degree of regularity to 21 may have time enough to learn that there really are other restaurants in the city. So far Jack and Charlie have been faithful to the employers' tradition. They have raised the red scare.

Correspondence

The Sacramento Cases

To the Editors of The Nation:

The Parole Board of California met last month at Tehachapi, the women's branch of the state penitentiary. It heard the cases of Caroline Decker and Nora Conklin, sentenced in Sacramento last April to serve from one to fourteen years on a charge of criminal syndicalism, that is, organizing a union and striking for higher wages. The board did not set sentence for the two women; it will not meet again for four months. The board has not even heard the cases of Norman Mini, Pat Chambers, or the other Sacramento class-struggle prisoners in San Quentin.

All the Sacramento cases are being appealed, Mini's by the National Sacramento Appeal Committee. There are excellent grounds for appeal, both errors in the trial and a juror's affidavit that the verdicts were an illegal compromise. But the appeal has struck a snag. The clerk of Sacramento County refuses to deliver to the various defendants copies of a transcript of the trial proceedings indispensable for the preparation of an appeal. The defense needs several copies; the clerk says he has one copy and will deliver it to nobody because the defendants will not waive rights to other copies. Raymond W. Henderson, the attorney who fought most of the I. W. W. criminal-syndicalism cases in the old days, now retained by the N. S. A. C., is fighting for the right of all the prisoners to an appeal. His demands for copies of the transcript have been turned down in the District Court of Appeals in Sacramento, but he is going farther. He is also bringing action for a writ of habeas corpus on the ground that the constitutional right to an appeal is being denied. This issue may have to be fought out in the federal courts.

Jack Warnick, another union organizer, was acquitted in Sacramento when the others were convicted, but the American Legion Committee on Subversive Activities has, as the Hearst press boasts, incited federal authorities to hold him for deportation. Warnick was denied citizenship several years ago because he could not prove by documents that he had been born in Montreal, whence he emigrated at the age of eighteen months some twenty-five years ago. Now he is slated for deportation because he cannot prove he was not born in Montreal, and cannot establish the date of his entry into this country! Warnick is represented legally by Austin Lewis of San Francisco, who assures us that the only evidence against Warnick is the material on which he was acquitted in Sacramento. The N. S. A. C. is helping to finance Warnick's defense.

New York, January 11 Herbert Solow,
Secretary-Treasurer, N. S. A. C.

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Throw Out the Lifebuoy!

To the Editors of The Nation:

In reviewing Clara Weatherwax's "Marching! Marching!" in *The Nation* for January 15 Mary McCarthy reveals —perhaps only subconsciously on her part, but unmistakably, nevertheless—her white-collar snobbery. Miss McCarthy makes very violent protest against what seems to her the unwholesomeness of some of Miss Weatherwax's proletarian characters. To the white-collar mob the working class is always unwholesome and repulsive. Why the creatures actually sweat and smell! They have moles! Some of them even have ugly warts! And some of them are dirty!

Is *this* criticism?

St. Paul, Minn., January 20 J. O. Meyers

President Butler on Dead Universities

To the Editors of The Nation:

It is gratifying to read in the New York *Times* of January 4 Nicholas Murray Butler's arraignment of the totalitarian states which have made their universities "dead except by names." "University life," President Butler announces, "begins left of the Rhine. If man is not free to think and inquire, progress is impossible."

I applaud. But I humbly beg President Butler to remember that for a long time in Italy universities have been "dead except by name," and human progress has been made impossible by a totalitarian state. When, in 1931, Italian university professors were obliged to take oath to educate their pupils according to the tenets of the Fascist regime, and great scholars were removed from their posts for refusing that oath, President Butler ignored this occurrence. Not until 1936 does President Butler find out that Italy, at least as far as universities are concerned, falls under the same category as other "totalitarian states."

Meanwhile the Casa Italiana of Columbia University goes on functioning as a center of Fascist propaganda. But President Butler, stepping into the shoes of the director of the Casa Italiana, has invited Count Sforza to deliver there an address which is meant to prove that Columbia is unbiased and impartial.

New York, January 7 Robert Bolaffio

Baiting Mr. Hearst

To the Editors of The Nation:

Such a committee on Hearst as was suggested by Mr. Villard in the January 15 *Nation* ought to be set up. I believe the American Federation of Teachers, the American Civil Liberties Union, the Social Frontier, the Progressive Education Association, the Religious and Labor Foundation, the I. L. G. W. U., the Amalgamated, and other such organizations would support it.

Let's not let a good idea like that go to waste.

George Davis, Secretary-Treasurer,

Chicago, January 11 American Federation of Teachers

A 3-Way Guide: TELLS, SHOWS, EXPLAINS:

SEX PRACTICE *in* MARRIAGE

By C. B. S. Evans, M.D., F.A.M.A., Member White House Conference, Committee on Maternal Care, Washington—Introduction by E. W. Holmes, M.D., F.A.C.S., Professor of Obstetrics, Northwestern University Medical School—Prefatory and other notes by Norman Haire, Ch.M., M.B., Specializing Obstetrician, Gynecologist and Sexologist, London, England

— and —

CHARTS OF SEX ORGANS WITH DETAILED EXPLANATIONS

By Robert L. Dickinson, M.D., F.A.C.S., Senior Gynecologist and Obstetrician, Brooklyn Hospital

CONTENTS

Section I. Bride and Groom
Section II. The Cold Wife—Frigidity
Section III. The Unsatisfied Wife
Section IV. Married Courtship
Section V. The Perfect Physical Expression of Love
Section VI. Illustrative Charts and Explanations

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COMMENTS

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Labor and Industry

Steel Robots That Came Alive

By ROSE M. STEIN

WHEN a dummy comes to life, that is news—especially if the dummy happens to be a company union in the steel industry. When last fall some of these unions, like Karel Capek's robots, suddenly began to move of their own initiative, most observers attributed to the phenomenon a disproportionate significance, but the incident is nevertheless important.

The employee-representation plan under which the steel industry's company unions operate was carefully drawn to prevent effective action. It was designed to deal with cases arising out of individual complaints presented by the individual worker to the representative in his section, and did not provide the framework for demands which originate with the representatives and for which the latter seek approval and support from their constituents; none of the steel companies are willing to tolerate demands of that kind. In their original form the employee-representation plans provided for equal representation from the employer and employee groups. No matter how many representatives of the employer were present, their vote on any vital issue was always to be exactly equaled by that of the employee representatives present, and as most important issues required the assent of at least a majority, and sometimes even of three-fourths of the combined number of representatives, a perpetual stalemate was guaranteed. Within recent months the plans have been uniformly changed to provide for only one management representative. This change made possible discussion of, and decision upon, demands hitherto regarded as unorthodox, such, for instance, as a general wage increase. To offset the effects of this change a new scheme has now been devised to keep "radical" discussions among company-union representatives from reaching the rank and file. The scheme is simple. Minutes of company-union meetings, which are supposed to be distributed among the employees or posted on accessible bulletin boards, are written up and mimeographed in the company offices, where "inflammable" material is faithfully eliminated. In plants where a howl was raised against this practice the blue-penciling was placed in the hands of a newly created and carefully chosen editorial committee of workers.

Company-union plans do not provide for mass-meetings, and requests for special permission to hold such meetings have met with refusal more than nine times out of ten. The reason is not far to seek. There are cases on record to show that such gatherings resulted in a decision to abandon the company union and to join a union of the worker's own choosing. On the other hand, most of the steel plant managers looked with favor upon social affairs at which workers and their overseers rubbed elbows and, presumably, built up mutual good-will. As it turned out, the whole company-union disturbance grew out of these social affairs.

Company-union representatives of the United States Steel subsidiary, the American Sheet and Tin Plate Company, in New Castle, Pennsylvania, about fifty miles northwest of Pittsburgh, last year arranged several parties and picnics. By these they achieved two results: they brought together the mass of workers and found out what the men really wanted; and they acquired in the process a treasury balance of $1,200 quite independent of company contribution and control. In the course of these informal gatherings it was decided to spend this money in calling a convention of all the company-union representatives within the American Sheet and Tin Plate Company. Word went out to the other eleven mills, scattered over as many different towns in Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Indiana, and employing a total of 23,000 workers. Meanwhile an additional $1,000 was raised, and on September 25, 1935, thirty-two delegates from twelve company unions in the plants of the American Sheet and Tin Plate Company met in New Castle.

Plant managers endeavored to discourage the convention idea when it was first proposed, but without success. The employers then agreed to finance the convention; but they also organized a safe block of delegates which could be relied on to prevent the adoption of drastic measures. It is reliably reported that the company not only paid the routine convention expenses but supplied ample funds for liquor to keep the delegates in good humor. This money was handed out in cash, and the officials who dispensed it would take neither receipts nor itemized bills. Both devices failed. The men remained unaccountably sober during convention hours; the "safe" block at no time included more than fifteen delegates; and since most of the proposals required only a majority vote they were duly carried.

Arthur H. Young, United States Steel's vice-president in charge of labor relations, who is reputed to be the author of the employee-representation plan, came to New Castle in the expectation that he would be invited to the conference. His advance spies reported, however, that the delegates were in no mood to be interfered with, and Mr. Young quietly went back to New York. Lesser lights from the managerial group who came to the convention and were already in the hall were obliged to retire when a motion was carried at the very outset that "managers should not be allowed to be present at the meeting." Rank-and-file union leaders also came to New Castle to survey the scene. They talked with a dozen of the delegates whom they regarded as the most radical in the group and got them to agree to support a resolution demanding a 15 per cent increase in wages. When the convention opened, the men who had not been in touch with the unionists introduced a resolution asking for a 35 per cent raise. The so-called radicals then had to assume the conservative role and urge the lower rate.

In addition to the 15 per cent wage increase the convention agreed to ask for a revision of the pension system to provide a monthly minimum of $60 and a maximum of $100 for all employees, including executives. They worked out a scheme for vacation with pay for all employees, including those who work at hourly and piece-work rates, and proposed various changes in the employee-representation plan. They decided to convene again next August.

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A committee of three, selected for the purpose, carried the convention's demands to the management of the American Sheet and Tin Plate Company, and on October 18 received a flat refusal of the whole program.

The story of the convention was carried by the newspapers and the "grapevine" to every steel worker in the country. The idea caught fire, and not even the refusal of the demands by the American Sheet and Tin Plate Company could stop its spread to other plants. Various efforts were made to hold other conventions, but the companies would not finance them and the unions had not sufficient funds to stage an independent meeting. They did the next best thing: they copied the demands of the New Castle convention and presented them to their respective employers, laying special emphasis on the demand for a wage increase. Company unions in the Aliquippa and Pittsburgh plants of the Jones and Laughlin Steel Corporation, in the Duquesne, Pennsylvania, and Gary, Indiana, plants of the Carnegie-Illinois Steel Company, and in the plants of the Weirton Steel Company in Weirton, West Virginia, and the Republic Steel Company in Cleveland and Warren, Ohio, all asked for a 15 per cent raise. The National Tube Company in McKeesport, Pennsylvania, and the Edgar Thompson Steel Works in Braddock, both United States Steel subsidiaries, likewise received demands. The answer to all demands, in all plants, was a uniform no.

What will be the next step? The official Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel, and Tin Workers, still dominated, or kept dormant, by the seventy-seven-year-old Mike Tighe, is doing nothing to capitalize this situation. It is significant that the company-union activity originated in New Castle, where the Amalgamated Association had never made any headway. It was no secret that throughout the organization campaign of the company unions a body of workers consisting largely of the native American element resisted organization principally because of their experience with the American Federation of Labor. Some of them had been members of the Amalgamated in former years and had been dissatisfied with it. Employers made it their business to recruit company-union representatives for the most part from this group. When a company-union representative would testify, as he was often called on to do, that he was once a union man but had found that "it did not work in the interest of the workingman" he supplied the very note employers were seeking. Basically these representatives were not scabs. Those who denounced the Amalgamated may have had very good reason for it. Others may have conveniently rationalized themselves into believing that the company union was worth a try. Still others, of course, did and said what they were expected to for the sake of a good job. But as the struggle between the inside and outside unions continued and employee representatives were called on time and again to testify in behalf of the companies, as more and more union men were discriminated against and their cases brought before these same representatives for adjustment, they began to realize the meanness of the part they were playing. There is nothing a steel worker hates more than to be regarded by his fellow-workers as a scab. Some gave up their company-union posts in disgust. Others either could not afford to or did not have the courage to make such a sacrifice, since representatives get paid for every minute they give to company-union work, and many earn full-time wages in that capacity. Rather than give up, they decided to try to make something out of the company union.

There is ample reason for the belief that the companies were very well pleased at first. The American Sheet and Tin Plate Company might have succeeded in preventing the New Castle convention if it had really tried. Certainly the other corporations could have suppressed the news that wage increases were being demanded at the various plants. Company-union representatives are not versed in the art of handling publicity. The news was, in fact, for the most part released by the companies themselves. It was good policy to establish in the public mind the fact that the company union was a real bargaining agency. The companies had nothing to lose in the process since they refused the demands and the unions had no way of enforcing them. But other developments are worrying management.

The employee representatives of the American Sheet and Tin Plate Company and of other companies, having found that the company union will not work, are now deciding upon the next step. In the Chicago-Gary district several company unions have voted to disband and to seek another form of organization—at the insistent request, it is asserted, of the men whom they represent. Independent unions have been set up in the South Chicago plant of the Carnegie-Illinois Steel Company and in the plants of the Calumet and Inland Steel companies in the same district. In the Pittsburgh area any number of company unions are ready to disband the moment the Amalgamated, or some other organization, shows that it is really ready "to go places." The one ray of hope is John L. Lewis. Steel workers have long envied the miners their strong union. They know, too, that in any effective struggle against the steel trust they will need the aid and cooperation of the United Mine Workers of America. Confidentially they express the fervent hope that John L. Lewis means business.

Working conditions, meanwhile, are growing worse. The steel industry carries at least twice as many persons on its pay roll as are normally needed. This surplus labor is expected to come in very handy in the event of war as well as in the event of a major strike. In the first instance the companies would be guaranteed against a serious labor shortage, and in the other they would find it easier to recruit a scab army to work and live inside the mills. But this arrangement means that even under the recent increased productivity in the steel industry most of the men can hope for little more than two or three days' work a week. This means continued poverty and semi-starvation.

The steel workers will follow John L. Lewis. They waste no love on him personally, any more than do the rank-and-file miners, but they have confidence in his leadership. The moment John L. Lewis launches a campaign to organize the steel workers, it is safe to prophesy, judging by the present temper, that company-union organizations will disappear from the steel mills with even greater suddenness than they appeared in 1933 under the stimulus of the NRA. The employers, it may be added, are more afraid of John L. Lewis than of any other man in the labor or radical movement.

[*This is the third of a series of articles on the company union in various key industries. The fourth, also by Miss Stein, will deal with company unionism as it is practiced in the public utilities, namely, in the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Company. It will appear soon.*]

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Silicosis Village

[We print on this page a report made a year and a half ago to the Federal Emergency Relief Administration on the village of Vanetta, West Virginia, which is situated near the site of the Hawk's Nest tunnel at Gauley Bridge. The report is dated July 19, 1934. It deals with fifteen wage-earners, "fourteen of whom suffer from silicosis," who provide sustenance for an entire community of ninety-one persons. It is based on a report by Leon Brower, "statistician for West Virginia, NRA." The report is labeled "Confidential Research Bulletin" and was first made available to the public on January 21 when Representative Vito Marcantonio read it into the record of the subcommittee of the House of Representatives which has been investigating the deaths of hundreds of men who worked on the Hawk's Nest tunnel. So far as we know, it has not been published in full in any newspaper.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

IN the early months of 1930 large numbers of able-bodied Negroes were brought to Vanetta, West Virginia, an abandoned coal-mining settlement which was prosperous as late as 1925, to engage in the drilling of a three-mile tunnel required by an electric-power development. The mountain to be pierced was found to consist of pure silicate. In spite of the warnings of the West Virginia Department of Mines the contractors took no precautions against the consequences to the workers of breathing the dust, which causes silicosis, a disease which destroys lung tissues and ultimately causes suffocation. As early as the fall of 1930 hundreds of workers had died, allegedly of pneumonia, but exact figures are not available as many of the sick were allowed to wander away. The labor turnover on the job was estimated at more than 300 per cent.

On the completion of the project in September, 1932, Vanetta reverted to the status of an abandoned village. In 1934 there were ninety-one persons in residence, occupying sixty-one tumble-down hovels—fourteen children, forty-four adult females, and forty-three adult males. Of the latter all but ten have silicosis. Support for the community comes from the earnings of fifteen of the males, fourteen of whom suffer from silicosis. Thirteen are engaged on a road-construction project eighteen miles away and are forced to walk to and from work, leaving them but five hours a day for labor. Moreover, many, because of their illness, must lay off work every other day and are frequently too weak to lift a sledge hammer. Quoting Mr. Brower:

> Coupled with all these hardships is starvation. Relief has always been spasmodic and irregular, and more irregular than is warranted. Every family related the lack of food, and for days at a time during the last winter, they had nothing to eat. One white person living in Vanetta kept many from starving. Many of the Negroes went to Gauley and begged for food and work. Several white people in Gauley contributed regularly to the support of some families. Clothing was always inadequate, and there were numerous cases of slightly frozen limbs; also several families were evicted during winter, and nearly every family was served with eviction notices.
>
> Before coming to the community, the people were accustomed to three meals a day. During the last two winters, if they had one meal a day they considered themselves fortunate. The food consisted of white and red beans, corn bread, and syrup. Occasionally they had some sow-belly "white meat"—that is, cheap white pork. No variety existed even for the sick or the children. Milk had been unheard of for at least two years.
>
> Several men gathered in a group related how at first the elder folks would economize on food so that the children could have more. And then the men would cut their allowance to practically nothing so that the women could eat. Direct relief was seldom given. Many families received commodities, but very irregularly. Just three men were given CWA work, and these three worked a few weeks only. The relief office is fourteen miles from the community. These people would get up at four o'clock and trudge through the heavy snow to the office, inadequately clothed and hungry. Too often they found that the relief agency was in no position to give assistance.

Brower makes the following recommendations concerning rehabilitation of these destitute Negroes:

> Since those persons are not normally unemployed employables, they will not remain under the FERA. But for the time being the position of the W. V. R. A. in dealing with all persons having silicosis should be as follows:
>
> 1. To discourage any person from work if the medical problem indicates the necessity.
> 2. To provide for all in need by direct relief. The relief should be adequate despite the protests of the white people.
> 3. To improve the housing and sanitation programs immediately. A public-health nurse should spend a considerable amount of time in Vanetta.
>
> If these people desire to return home, they should be assisted, probably by the Transient Bureau. Since these men have a short period to live, as much security as possible should be provided for them. A trained qualified worker should be in this community to assist in the transportation and to arrange inter-community contact.
>
> At any rate, it is inadvisable, socially, to keep a community of dying persons intact. Every means should be exerted to move these families, so that they may be in communities where they will be accepted, and where the wives and children will find adjustment easier.

Contributors to This Issue

CARLETON BEALS has written many books and articles about oppressed peoples in Latin America. Last year he turned his attention to regions nearer home, and wrote "The Story of Huey Long." Recently, in Decatur, he has been watching the trial of the Scottsboro boys.

FRANZ HÖLLERING was editor of important liberal and left journals in Berlin until he was forced by the Nazis to flee the country. He is now in America.

WILLIAM ZUKERMAN is a prominent London journalist with a special interest in the international Jewish problem.

M. W. FODOR is the Vienna correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian*.

ROSE M. STEIN was formerly research secretary of the Pittsburgh League for Social Justice.

GRACE ADAMS is the author of "Psychology: Science or Superstition?" and "Your Child Is Normal."

JACQUES BARZUN is a member of the History Department of Columbia University.

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Books and Drama

Made in Japan

The Wooden Pillow. By Carl Fallas. The Viking Press. $2.50.

MR. FALLAS has introduced several new refinements into an art which already was languishing, some say, from a superfluity of such things. The art of fiction has almost ceased to be the art of telling big stories in a big way, "Anthony Adverse" notwithstanding; indeed, the occasional attempt of someone to revive the ancient glories only proves how ancient they are, and apparently how irrecoverable. The art turns elsewhere now, leaving its larger responsibilities to the cinema and contenting itself with a thousand minor triumphs, which, to be sure, have their fascination. Mr. Fallas, for instance, plucks a few strings and his story is told; plucks them more or less at random on the special instrument he has built for his purpose; and the charm of the result is not unconnected with an appearance of ease in the musician's manner. Or perhaps it should be said that he takes the finest brush in his hand and, scarcely attending to what he does, produces all at once a picture, a Japanese picture, with the minimum of strokes. He does anything at all except write what once would have been considered a novel. His people, for instance. He has made them all toys. They are the most engaging little creatures, and they undoubtedly are possessed of some quaint power to move across the pretty scene. But the word for them is toys.

Whether or not this represents a refinement of condescension toward Japan is something for the foreign offices to debate. Let us trust that no offense is taken and go on to see what we have here. We have in the first place two Europeans in Yokohama, an Englishman and a Dane. Both of them are life size, if not a little more so; at least Jessel the Dane is a tower whom three native gendarmes can barely scale by standing on one another's shoulders. He and Grier, the English hero of the piece, stride like gentle and respectful Gullivers among the little people with whom they argue or gossip or make love as the occasion demands; the fable itself demanding that Grier shall make love to O Kaya San and leave her in the end very much as Madam Butterfly was left.

The fable, however, is not the important thing. The book is about the smallness, the remoteness, the delicacy, the piquancy of all these bowing images—these manikins whose courtesy is so exquisitely managed and so consistently, so fanatically carried out as to make us wonder at their lifelikeness. For they are lifelike too. They may have no organs in their tiny bodies, they may be nothing but painted silk and wood; yet from somewhere in them come little, modest, murmurous voices saying English sentences that are as brief as they are baffling to a Western mind brought up on the ruder necessities of speech. Grier, and doubtless Mr. Fallas with him, never gets over his amusement at the politeness of Mr. Okada, O Kaya San, and O Setsu San. Wound up to bend from the waist down and say "honorable" as their foreheads tap the floor, but sent forth from the artificer's shop with their English grammar not quite finished, they are indeed amusing and wonderful, and capable of making us ashamed of our own size, our own bluntness.

Mr. Fallas is not unaware of ironies beneath the contrast, and he sees well enough that they strike both ways. He is very intelligent, and he has intended no condescension. Yet there is one irony he has missed, and to that extent his vision is peccable. He has not seen everything that is involved in the spectacle of an Englishman who considers the whole of another nation odd; who interprets their stature literally; and who supposes that because their voices tinkle in his ears across the vast gulf of mutual ignorance they have—again literally—only the little things to say. Of course Mr. Fallas himself has only a little tale to tell. That he tells it on an appropriate scale is a tribute to his tact, and that he tells it with delightfulness is a sign of his own pleasant nature. Let us merely hope that some Mr. Okada never takes it into his head to turn the tables and write a novel called, say, "The Fur Kimono."

MARK VAN DOREN

Cross-Currents in Psychology

The Evolution of Modern Psychology. By Richard Müller-Freienfels. Translated from the German with an Introduction by W. Beran Wolfe. Yale University Press. $5.

THIS book, which was written especially for American readers, represents a heroic attempt not only to tell the story of modern psychology in the fulness of its "systematic" detail, but to find a meaning and an inherent purpose in that story. Few intellectual tasks could be more difficult.

The course of modern psychology has run almost every way except straight. It has been random and devious; and only too frequently it has led its enthusiastic and conscientious pursuers into experimental blind alleys. Its result to date has been a great many often brilliant, but even more often impractical and contradictory theories, a mass of "proved" but unrelated facts, and an everlasting wrangle over the meaning of some of the simplest words in all the civilized languages.

Such is the material with which Dr. Müller-Freienfels has had to deal. Yet if it be possible to extract order and purpose from such a conglomeration, he has done it. And he has been able to do it not only because he knows all the contradictory theories and all the conflicting facts so thoroughly that he presents them all in their proper setting and with just the right emphasis, but because through his own individual temperament and training he is peculiarly fitted for his task.

He learned the rules of meticulous research in those German laboratories where minute, meaningless data were valued more highly than diamonds; but he also studied under William James, to whose influence and guidance he affectionately and gratefully dedicates his present work. Moreover, he came to psychology by way of the study of aesthetics and is still, for all his rigorous laboratory training, an avowed and unashamed vitalist.

Briefly, Dr. Müller-Freienfel's thesis is this: psychology developed an inferiority complex in relation to all the other sciences on that day in the later 1800's when it deliberately, self-consciously, and with a great show of pride discarded the notion of a human soul—which since the time of Plato had been its one excuse for existing as an independent realm of experimental inquiry. So powerful and devitalizing was the effect of this inferiority complex that it caused all the facts presented in the early bustling laboratories to be, if not actually still-born, at any rate too puny and cold to have any meaning in the emotional hurly-burly of ordinary human life. Carrying this idea still farther, he sees all the various schools which have arisen and flourished since 1900—functionalism and the other purposive psychologies, psychoanalysis, and the rest of the subconscious interpretations of mind, even the upstart behaviorism—as representing a real, if seldom clearly formulated, effort to give man back some semblance of a soul—not the metaphysical soul of the Patristic philosophers, it is true, but at least a unique personality amounting to more than

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an accidental hodge-podge of discrete sensations and isolated muscle twitches. And he hopes that this trend toward an organic conception of the human being will finally transcend the bickerings of the various schools and lead to the establishment of a sane and inclusive "philosophical anthropology."

Dr. Müller-Freienfels apologizes for his possible neglect of some of the more recent work of American investigators, which has not been available to him in Germany. But for American students this omission is all to the good; for in place of material that is almost too familiar to us he gives us full summaries of the work in phenomenology and related fields now being done in Europe which has not yet been adequately translated into English.

GRACE ADAMS

The Poet in Politics

Mazzini. By Stringfellow Barr. Henry Holt and Company. $2.75.

FOR all its abandonment of the "great man" theory of history, our age seems uncommonly devoted to biographies. "Movements" and "forces" are convenient abstractions for the textbook writer, but the student who really wants to know what made the movement move or the force act is thrown back upon the initial truth that movements are the energies of men and that some men are more energetic than others. It is encouraging to that view to find in the most recent biography of Mazzini repeated assertions that he and Cavour and Charles Albert did shape the course of Italian history, and were not mere pinheads stuck on a map to show whither an inevitable movement was proceeding.

With regard to Mazzini, Mr. Stringfellow Barr's work, by its exhaustive scholarship and admirably clear organization of materials, convincingly settles this question of effectiveness. "The answer probably is," says Mr. Barr, "that Joseph Mazzini did more than any other single human being to foster in nineteenth-century Italians the urgent determination to achieve independence and unity; and that more than any other man Camillo di Cavour made the historic decisions that satisfied that determination." Sir John Marriott had already suggested this solution in his "Makers of Modern Italy," but the conclusion seemed always to break down when confronted with a recital of the events of Mazzini's life. The rhetoric, the pitiable military failures, the financial distress, the unpracticality, the religious and political chimeras one encounters at every turn in Mazzini's career, have rebuffed many potential admirers and turned others into idolaters who worshiped *because* the idol had feet of clay. The merit of Mr. Barr's "Mazzini" is that it shows us the utility of these failings as well as their necessary relation to the man Mazzini was.

Reared in an atmosphere of political repression, between a practical father and an idealistic and strongly intellectual mother, "Pippo" became the poet in politics, the man whose idea is stronger than the contingencies of reality, and who still wins when he fails. Fortunately, Mazzini's biographer is not led by his sympathetic understanding to condone the stupidities that Mazzini's faith made him commit. In other words, if we have in this book a splendid example of the "great man" hypothesis, it is an example wholly free from hero-worship.

Especially impressive for its vividness, ease of telling, and painstaking but artfully concealed research is the treatment of Mazzini's exile in London. The Carlyles, Rossetti, John Stuart Mill, and others of liberal-radical circles interweave their lives and opinions with Mazzini's ceaseless devotion to Italy, his childish-cunning schemes for financial support, and his magnificent political prose. From the beginning of his career Mazzini had no sense about money. But he could analyze with perfect clarity the economic condition of the European working class, predict in large measure its function, and proclaim what all his business-like contemporaries refused to see—namely, that political liberty was a means and not an end; that liberty was vain without true economic independence; and that the future lay, not with the intrenched bourgeoisie, but with the dispossessed proletariat.

Two other important matters are settled by Mr. Barr's work. One is that Mazzini's rule of Rome in 1848-49 was not the musical-comedy affair that it has so often been represented to be. The second point deals with Mazzini's nationalism. There is really no excuse for the prevalent idea that Mazzini and other romantic nationalists were the narrow bigots and ill-informed fanatics that go by the name of nationalists in modern Europe. For one thing, they were too near to the cosmopolitan eighteenth century of Voltaire and Hume to fall into rank tribalism; for another, their nationalism was an idea and not an instinctive rationalization of commercial interest. Mazzini's nationalism, as restated from his writings by Mr. Barr, could be indorsed by the most rigid internationalist of today.

After acknowledgment of these services that Mr. Barr's excellent book has rendered, an objection to details of background may pass for carping. But it is regrettable to find in a portrait in which the figure is impeccable that the landscape is out of drawing. I refer to Mr. Barr's treatment of the romanticists in his early chapters. For him they are the usual extravagant, sentimental nincompoops that conventional criticism loves to pillory. Yet how can Mr. Barr, who understands Mazzini, fail to understand the romanticists? Mazzini was a romanticist all his life; not the best type, perhaps, but that is only another reason for judging his better-balanced contemporaries more equitably. And what does Mr. Barr mean when he calls the classicist-romanticist strife "a half-forgotten struggle"? Is he not aware of its continuance under slightly different labels in every realm of thought and art, and, in Europe at least, in practical politics too? I like to think that Mr. Barr has been misled more by words than by things. He could not have gone over the mass of material necessary for writing such a brilliant and yet sober book without discovering that "lachrymose and atheistic" and "schism between head and heart" are not precisely the right terms in which to describe the nineteenth century.

JACQUES BARZUN

Junket

The Sound Wagon. By T. S. Stribling. Doubleday, Doran and Company. $2.50.

MR. T. S. STRIBLING returns from a "two years' junket," a "peripatetic jollification," with a walletful of sheaves entitled "The Sound Wagon." A successful trilogy, assuredly, merits a holiday in the open with junketings and jollification; and we infer both from the novel itself and the author's printed commitment on the jacket that the vacation was properly diverting. During this interval, we learn, Mr. Stribling motored across the country, interviewing an assortment of civic dignitaries ranging from dog-catchers and deputy sheriffs to councilmen and gentlemen of the House. And in "The Sound Wagon" he has made use of all but the dog-catchers.

"The Sound Wagon" is, by courtesy, satire; yet it is satire impelled by laughter rather than indignation, and as such is perhaps more justly set down as burlesque. The satirical pattern, in so far as it may be said to exist at all, remains throughout undisciplined and fitful, discharging jibe after jibe, like grapeshot, at figures drawn with the grotesque simplicity of the tabloid cartoon. The arch-scoundrels of the piece carry

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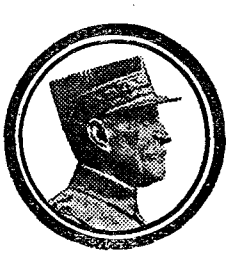

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their labels with them, like all good caricatures that desire to make their identity apparent at a glance: Canarelli, the syrup-racketeer (Italian), speaking with the "soft intensity" traditional to his station; Myerberg, the party "mouthpiece" (Jewish), waving his hands and meeting all contingencies with cynical sang-froid; Krauseman, the "Big Stick" (German), giving orders invisibly out of Cloudcuckooland. To this roster are appended, for reasons best known to the author himself, a financier immured among Greek peristyles, secret panels, and storm-cellars dug against the advent of war from within or without; likewise a chemist with horrendous formulas for death rays and high explosives; likewise a millionairess; likewise a hero, the Honorable Mr. Henry Lee Caridius.

The Honorable Mr. Caridius is cited cursorily here for the sufficient reason that his function in the novel is cursory. Badgered by a worshipful and suspicious wife, yet possessed of a "strain of kindness and simple good-heartedness," he ricochets eventfully from chapter to chapter at the mercy of his campaign managers and the whim of the author. Intrigues too dastardly for utterance accumulate about his name; yet in every case he functions unobtrusively, with a charming ineffectualness that is perhaps the single satirical weapon which Mr. Stribling has employed with any very notable consistency. The details of Caridius's rise from shyster to senator are extraordinary in themselves; but perhaps the most extraordinary tale of them all would lie in his refusal, on one occasion, to accept a rebate due him on unused senatorial letter-heads—an act offensive to him on grounds of taste and decorum. For Caridius the decorous ideal was one of very immediate concern; consequently, there was nothing to prevent it from working both ways, or to preclude his accepting, in place of a cash refund, a fine gold cigarette case worth twenty-five dollars in excess of the amount due him.

This is, if you will, pleasant and companionable lampooning, and "The Sound Wagon" as a whole bristles with banter of this sort. Yet—if one dare regard the novel with any solemnity whatsoever—what is it Mr. Stribling has been after, in this Walpurgis Night of junketing and jollification? Is it his purpose to inform us that in our body politic some are opportunists, others, blackguards, and many, blockheads? If so, we had already been apprised of these facts; we had already laughed at them; and somehow Mr. Stribling's tardy restatement of the jest ceases to provide cause for merriment.

BEN BELITT

Shorter Notices

The Song of the Messiah. By John G. Neihardt. The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

This is the fifth book in Neihardt's epic cycle of the West. This poet has long used American historical materials and, in particular, American Indian legends for his poetic re-creations of the past. His new book is based on the anthropologists' accounts of the Ghost Dance religion, and these accounts are in themselves fascinating. In the eighteen-eighties there sprang up among the Indians a legend to the effect that a white god was among them, a god risen from the dead, and that this god would lead them to victory against the Americans and restore to them their land. Here, of course, is a curious mingling of Christian and Indian religions. The Ghost Dance religion spread from the Plains Indians clear across the country. New rituals and songs were composed. Self-scarification and even a form of crucifixion became part of these rituals. The Indians actually made ready for the conquest of a country once theirs. In the end, however, the United States stepped in with its soldiers and put down the rebellion by force. Mr. Neihardt tells the story of the messianic "coming." He sees in it—quite properly—a mingling of religious elements, an exploited and partially destroyed people turning to a suffering god. But one must remember that torture to induce visions was an old concept among certain of the Indians of our country. Neihardt's poem indicates that even as the Indians met death they saw their brothers in the American soldiers commanded to slaughter them. This, one suspects, slightly sentimentalizes the uprising, which drew to its close in the massacre at Wounded Knee in 1890.

Like a Mighty Army—Hitler Versus Established Religion. By George N. Shuster. D. Appleton-Century Company. $2.

This is an effort by a Catholic writer to present a narrative and an analysis of the Nazi attack upon Judaism, Protestantism, and Catholicism. "First," he says in his Introduction, "I shall be objective. . . . Second, this cannot be a scholarly monograph. . . . Third, partiality is cheerfully admitted." After this somewhat confused beginning Mr. Shuster plunges in, glibly, conversationally, without footnotes or documentation. He succeeds fairly well as a narrator, though his material is almost all available elsewhere in more complete form. He fails as an analyst because he does not understand the economic and psychological dynamics of fascism. Mr. Shuster dislikes Herr Hitler because *Der Führer* persecutes Catholics, Protestants, and Jews. Otherwise, one suspects, he would not find Hitler so bad. Mussolini is "extraordinary" and "has to his credit solid achievements," including presumably his unholy alliance with the Catholic hierarchy in Italy. Mr. Shuster dislikes agnosticism, contraception, and communism. He sheds no tears for the liberals, pacifists, Socialists, and Communists who have suffered from the Nazi terror more than the racial and religious martyrs. He is saved from complete blindness only because the Catholic *Weltanschauung,* even at its narrowest, is broader, more humane, more universal than the Nazi *Weltanschauung.* Of his book one must say what Lessing said of Voltaire: "He has written much that is new and much that is true. But the true things, alas, are not new and the new things are not true."

A Handbook of Marxism. Edited by Emile Burns. Random House. $1.75.

The need of a comprehensive book presenting under one cover the more significant writings of Marx and his followers has been felt for many years. In an attempt to meet this need, several volumes have recently been issued containing extracts from Marx; but Emile Burns has gone farther and rendered a unique service in preparing a somewhat larger book which includes generous selections from Engels, Lenin, and Stalin, together with over three hundred pages of Marx's own writings. While some Marxian scholars will doubtless differ with Burns regarding the relative importance of certain of the selections, all of those most widely quoted are here, including among others "The Communist Manifesto," "The Civil War in France," "Theses on Feuerbach," Engels's "The Origin of the Family," "Capital," Lenin's "Our Program," "What Is to Be Done?" "Imperialism," "The State and Revolution," Stalin's "Foundation of Leninism," and the "Report at Seventeenth Congress of the Communist Party," as well as the "Program of the Communist International." Because of the wide range of subjects treated, the excerpts from "Capital" are not as extensive as some scholars might desire—forming only about one-fifth of the thousand-page volume—but are sufficiently varied to give a complete picture of that monumental work. For the average reader who does not care to tackle the complete works of any of these writers, this book will satisfy practically all requirements, while the more serious student will find it invaluable as a convenient reference book.

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Beany-Eye. By David Garnett. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $1.25.

This is another of those brief character studies Mr. Garnett does with such a pleasant mixture of slightly mad fancy and contrary realism. It will never reach the best-seller class because its virtues are in miniature: it stops short by 850 pages of the required length; it is a stray, pathetic subject treated in an unobtrusive, delicate way. Since the tendency in such cases is to notice only the biggest figure—the man with a cast in his eye, given to seizures of homicidal proportions, terrifying dreams, and those uncertain, recurrent phases of gentleness and lucid insight of a half-wit—a hint is not out of place. Beany-Eye's employer, the humanitarian little Mr. Butler, is as brave and likable a hero as a novel reader could desire.

Drama

"Ethan Frome"

"ETHAN FROME" as now acted at the National Theater is successful and engrossing beyond all reasonable expectation. Under the circumstances it is not easy to assign with any confidence duly proportional credit to the various persons involved, but the largest share probably goes to the three actors who have given it superb performance. Owen and Donald Davis have, to be sure, prepared a dramatization which it would be grudging to call merely resourceful and workman-like—especially when one considers the difficulties involved—but it is probably Pauline Lord, Raymond Massey, and Ruth Gordon who make it live. Thanks to them and to the direction of Guthrie McClintic, the whole is not only tense and absorbing; it manages somehow actually to recreate on the stage that sense that one is in the presence of a tragedy almost mathematically complete and crushing which made unforgettable the sculpturally simple outlines of the novel.

"Ethan Frome" is a story which must have tempted and then discouraged many playwrights before now. Few novels have a fable more obviously or more simply dramatic, but the story is so told from the point of view of an outsider that the narrator is appropriately ignorant of many things to which the dramatist must give direct presentation. Curiously enough, Mrs. Wharton seems almost to have been warning against any attempt to tell it differently when, in an introduction explaining her method, she declared that "every subject contains its own form and dimensions" and that "any attempt to elaborate and complicate" the sentiments of her characters would necessarily be to falsify the whole. Yet there can be no questioning the fact that the play does much more than merely justify itself.

It is true that the Messrs. Davis have been able to build the chief scenes around incidents which the original author did herself describe directly. It is also true that they have not made any attempt to "elaborate and complicate" very greatly the characters, wisely preferring to leave them simple, inarticulate people whose motives are so perfectly comprehensible as part of universal human nature that no complicated psychological analysis is necessary. It was nevertheless necessary to give them many specific attributes, physical and spiritual, with which Mrs. Wharton in her role of narrator at second hand was not concerned. On the stage, for instance, we must be presented with concrete appearances, and we must have reduced to definite gestures certain deeds and occurrences which the original author naturally presented only in the fragmentary form in which they were supposed to reach her through the memory of others. What is much more important, the change

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Jumbo. Hippodrome. Paul Whiteman, Jimmy Durante, and a remarkable clown named A. Robbins surrounded by acrobats and animals. Literally better than a circus.

Let Freedom Ring. Civic Repertory Theater. A second chance for this drama of a strike in a Southern mill. I found it hard going, but it has been highly praised.

Libel. Henry Miller Theater. Exciting English court-room play. Surprisingly probable for this sort of thing and superbly acted.

Mid-West. Booth Theater. Homely and slightly sentimental picture of the joys and more particularly the sorrows of the farmer. Best when it isn't editorializing.

Paradise Lost. Longacre Theater. Clifford Odets' complicated picture of a family composed exclusively of pathological futilitarians. He calls it a picture of the middle class but it strikes me as somewhat less than typical.

Pride and Prejudice. Plymouth Theater. Amazingly successful adaption, brilliantly staged and acted. It gave me more pleasure than any other play of the season.

Winterset. Martin Beck Theater. Maxwell Anderson's surprisingly successful attempt to write a poetic play on a modern theme. Bold, original, and engrossing.

is one which goes deeper than the mere technique of presentation. Part of the characteristic effect of the novel depends upon the incompleteness of our knowledge. We are led to speculate upon many how's and why's; the challenge to our imagination is the challenge to imagine for ourselves just how certain things would have worked themselves out and even to brood upon alternative possibilities, to shudder at half-guessed mysteries. Inevitably, the stage not only makes the personages more concrete but at the same time fixes definitely much that the novel left undetermined. And yet, as has been hinted already, I should hesitate to say that the different effect in the theater is wholly inferior. Thanks largely to the actors it is overwhelmingly powerful. One awaits the inevitable with that ambiguously fascinated horror which only tragedy knows. And, above all, one cannot choose but hear.

When Mrs. Wharton wrote "Ethan Frome" she was fresh from the lessons which Maupassant and Flaubert, not to mention Henry James, had taught her. From them she had learned how the realistic novel could be redeemed by a scrupulously selective craftsmanship from the sprawling and chaotic formlessness to which it seemed condemned; how its materials, if economically used, could be given comely form; and how the effect could be pointed up until there emerged from a story of everyday life something not too remotely resembling the clear, clean note of ancient tales. Fortunately, however, she had not been taught (as all writers and readers of today so insistently have been) that "we" are "no longer interested" in tragedies which affect mere individuals, that "we" no longer perceive the importance which persons who had the misfortune to write before 1917 seem to have deluded themselves into imagining might inhere in stories about loving and losing, or happiness and sorrow, as they happen to affect single lives. If she had been taught that, she would of course have realized that she was wasting her talents on a trivial theme which "we" would not think of bothering with. But if I may risk a prophecy, it is that the "we" who are no longer interested form a group which falls sufficiently short of being universally inclusive to leave outside its bounds enough of our contemporaries to keep the National full for some time to come.

Lynn Riggs's "Russet Mantle" (Masque Theater) is a tenuously lyric little romantic comedy which has more than half a chance of considerable popularity largely because of one superb and superbly played character—that of a casual Southern mother who somehow manages to sum up in highly diverting form all the sense and nonsense, the frankness and hypocrisy, the conventionality and the unconventionality of a certain recognizable type. Aside from her the play, which is concerned with a rebellious girl redeemed by the love of a poetic adolescent, is itself rather too full of adolescent yearnings to be taken very seriously, but it is pleasant enough and made quite worth attention by the presence of the character referred to.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

"A Room in Red and White" (Forty-sixth Street Theater) submits a pageant of pathological maladjustments murkily enacted against a background of spiral stairways, bowlfuls of gladioli, and an interior onerously carried out in red and white. The burden of the piece, which devolves principally upon Miss Chrystal Herne, Mr. Leslie Adams, and a talented young man who plays the son, is one of sadism chiefly. However, the author appears to have combed the Freudian indices for additional blandishments with which to enveigle the fancy—incest, persecution mania, and an Oedipus fixation looming most largely. The three principals struggle impressively with exhausting roles, but their efforts cannot transform a play that is both digressive and pointlessly macabre into a "study" that will demand to be heard in spite of its unpalatability.

B. B.

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